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TRUE PATRIOTISM!

How best can I serve my country in its hour of need?

That is the question which every American man and woman is asking to-day.

From the White House has come a solemn warning. The President, by Proclamation, arouses the nation to a realization of the gravity of the present crisis. The submarine menace, the scarcity of food, the possibility of world-wide famine—these are situations full of danger. Everyone is called upon to do his share, not only on the firing line, but also on the farms and in the factories, to ward off the impending peril.

To the private citizen also the President appeals. He urges strict economy in the household. Every housewife who practices economy puts herself in the ranks of those who serve the nation. Let every man and woman, says President Wilson, assume the duty of careful, provident use and expenditure as a public duty.

But it is not meant that we must close our purse strings altogether, nor that we must hoard our money. The man who hoards provisions or money in such a crisis as this is a public enemy. The President means that a curb should be put on extravagance and waste. The nation must now economize. There is no doubt of that. But we must economize in the right way. We must think and act sanely. We cannot afford to lose our heads in the face of the emergency that confronts us.

We must economize in a way so as to work the least possible injury to the business interests of the country, and to the hundreds of thousands of employees who are dependent for their livelihood on the factories and the shops being kept open as usual.

If you suddenly close your purse strings and stop making purchases in the stores, the factories and shops will be forced to close and then the streets will be choked with unemployed calling for bread. That would not improve the situation, would it?

Economy is a fine thing—if exercised intelligently. Forced, artificial economy is a foolish thing because, if carried to an extreme, it will bring about the very calamity it is intended to avert. It is of the very first importance that the country continue its ordinary business undisturbed. Any sudden and radical cutting down of expenditures is likely to do incalculable harm to the business firms of the country, and indirectly to the hundreds of thousands dependent on them. If people suddenly discharge their servants and dispose of their automobiles; if husbands, wives and daughters stop ordering from tailors, shirtmakers, milliners and dressmakers; if the

big stores, the restaurants, the theatres, and concert halls are deserted; if there comes a sudden cessation of business activity, such wide-spread distress would result in the business life of the community that no man can say what the outcome would be, and millions of innocent persons would suffer.

War means money. Billions must be raised to defray the cost of defending democracy and civilization from destruction at the brutal hands of the barbarian. Taxes and super-taxes will be borne cheerfully and uncomplainingly by the patriotic citizen.

But let us tax wisely. Is there any sense in putting too heavy burdens on certain industries and enterprises so that the public itself will suffer? For instance, there is talk of taxing theatre tickets and musical instruments. England did the same at the beginning of the war and found it was a mistake. Theatre-going is already an expensive luxury, and if made more expensive by too heavy a tax, people are likely to curtail their theatre-going or stop it altogether. For lack of patronage the playhouses might be compelled to close. This would not only tend to depress the public at a time of great anxiety and distress—which all wise governments have always tried to avoid—but it must eventually throw out of employment thousands of persons who now earn their livelihood in the theatre.

The proposed tax on musical instruments would also be undesirable for the same reason. Why make it harder for people of moderate means to buy talking machines, pianos, piano players and other musical instruments to entertain themselves and their friends? On the contrary, by letting people enjoy themselves in an innocent, harmless way, the public is likely to bear its other burdens more cheerfully.

We must win this war. Everybody agrees as to that. To wage war successfully it is imperative that the commercial and industrial life of the country shall not be disturbed. Instead of curtailing, cutting down their purchases, the well-to-do should spend more than ever. It is a time when the wealthy should spend without counting. The rich should bring their money out of their strong boxes and put it into circulation for the benefit of the country. It is a public duty.

People of moderate means must husband their resources, of course. But this country is rich. We have many thousands of people so rich that they cannot spend their incomes. These are the ones who ought to spend liberally now. They should look upon it as a public duty.

That is the true patriotism!

THE PUBLISHERS.





The Sinews of Mileage

Every muscle of a man is made up of small strings—sinews.

—not of one solid mass.

The more sinewy or stringy the muscle, the stronger it is.

It is a law of engineering that many small strings or strands made into a cable give the greatest possible strength and flexibility.

And nature exemplifies that law in the muscles of every living being.



That very law governs the construction of the 'Royal Cord' Tire.

This tire is made up of many layers of many small, but very tough, cords;

—the construction which is exactly in harmony with the laws of nature as exemplified in the muscles of a man,

—and equally in accord with the best engineering practices in other lines of construction where great strength is required.



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—gives, like a man with strong, sinewy muscles, the most power and endurance.

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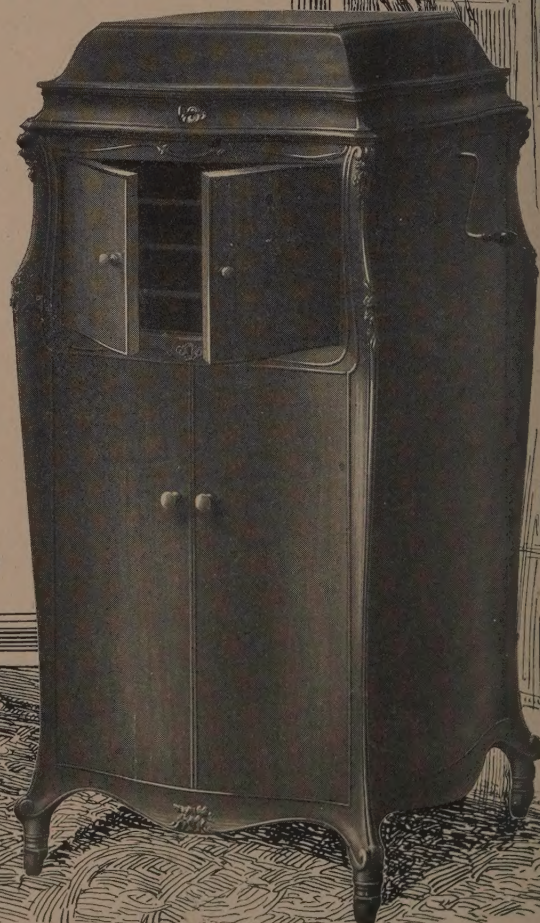
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THE THEATRE

JUNE, 1917



ARE you going to seashore or mountain?

Have you packed your trunk full of your favorite books and sport togs?

Then don't forget THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

With THE THEATRE on your lap, Broadway will always be near, even though you can hear the rush of the waves on the shore.

Let us bring the playhouse to your summer address. It's very simple—just read THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.



IN hot weather heavy reading is somewhat indigestible. Having this in mind, we have prepared a lot of bright, sparkling features for our July issue. Here are a few of them:



THE Hattons—Fred-eric and Fanny—are two of Broadway's most popular playwrights. They're collaborators—and, incidentally, husband and wife.

Their brain children include the successful plays, "Years of Discretion," "The Great Lover," and "Upstairs and Down."

The leading article in the July issue will be written by these well-known dramatists. With their experiences, they surely have some message for you.



WE, of the big cities, have only a vague idea of that unknown land, "the road."

Helen Ware, in an article in the July number, will help to enlighten us.

What, the road means, how the players prepare for it, how it affects the actor's art, his comedy and tragedy—these are a few of the points this favorite actress will cover.

Having been on the road herself, Miss Ware speaks whereof she knows.



THE man with the rope."

Everybody knows him. Don't you?

He's Will Rogers, of course—without a doubt one of the most interesting personalities of the American stage.

His chatter, which he spouts off as calmly and as pointedly as he twines his ropes, has delighted millions.

playhouse, his store of theatrical memories is unfailing.

Mr. Burnham's article, "Stage Degeneracy an Old Cry," will point out how the modern theatre is not the only one to receive censure.



ALL thoughtful theatre-goers have deplored the disappearance of the stock company from Broadway.

But the stock company idea is far from being dead. It flourishes today in all the small cities. It does not even fear the competition of the movies.

It is from "stock" that we get our best actors. In fact, it is one of the few practical schools of acting that we have left.

Oliver Morosco, the noted manager, and head of Los Angeles' largest stock company, in his article in the next issue will tell just what the stock company means to the small city.



OBEY your parents" is as old as the Bible—yet some people never heed the admonition.

There are actresses who do. Many of them, in fact, owe their success to the energy and foresightedness of their "mama."

Players suffering from that common ailment, "artistic temperament," have been forced to toe the mark by mother.

In the July issue, Helen Ten Broeck will tell you about these interesting women without whose aid some of our stars might never have twinkled.



REMEMBER, if you want to feel close to Broadway, when you are away from the din of the city's roar, subscribe to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE.

If you want to be in the playhouse, at the same time sitting on a patch of green turf, subscribe now.

\$3.50 a Year.

Vol. XXV

No. 196

IN THIS ISSUE



ADELE ROWLAND	Cover
EMMY WEHLEN	Frontispiece
WHY THE ONE-ACT PLAY?	Edward Goodman 327
THE MARSEILLAISE AND DIXIE—Poem	Marjorie Patterson 328
ACTRESSES MAKE PATRIOTIC APPEAL—Full-page of pictures	329
PERSONAL REMINISCENCES	Frances Starr 330
THE ARTS AND CRAFTS THEATRE	Clayton Hamilton 332
THE TRIBULATIONS OF A LIBRETTIST	Louis Cline 334
PRETTY FACES IN STAGE AND SCREENLAND—	Full-page of portraits 335
HOW I DO MY IMITATIONS	Elsie Janis 336
SCENE IN "JULIUS CAESAR"	337
WHAT SOCIETY IS DOING FOR THE STAGE,	Elizabeth H. Gregory 338
SCENES IN "GHOSTS" and "HIS LITTLE WIDOWS"	340
MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY	341
"Bosom Friends," "The Very Minute," "Colonel Newcome," "The Knife," R. B. Mantell in repertoire, "Peter Ibbetson," "His Little Widows," "Ghosts," "The Maid Mistress," "The Night Bell," "The Highwayman," "The Passing Show of 1917," Morning-side Players and Educational Alliance Plays.	345
SCENES IN CURRENT PLAYS	346
RECOLLECTIONS OF A PLAYGOER	Brander Matthews 346
THE BUSINESS OF BEING A PRESS AGENT—A. Toxen Worm	348
SIDELIGHTS OF THE RIALTO—Full-page of portraits	349
THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN DRAMA	350
HELEN WARE—Full-page portrait	351
ERNEST BLOCH—A Musical Prophet	352
HOUSES THAT ROYALTIES BUILT—Full-page of pictures	353
ACTRESSES WHO WRITE PLAYS	Helen Ten Broeck 354
SCENES IN "THE KNIFE"	355
WHEN VAUDEVILLE GOES TO WAR	Nellie Revell 356
A BEVY OF PRETTY GIRLS—Full-page of portraits	357
PATRIOTIC SONGS	Paul Morris 358
THE REASON FOR THE ACTOR'S FUND FAIR—	Full-page of pictures 359
NEW STARS FOR BROADWAY	Ada Patterson 360
FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS	Mlle. Manhattan 362

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Editor

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He has written an article for the next issue entitled "The Extemporaneous Line."

If you've long nursed an ambition to say smart things right off the reel, read Will's story—he's an expert.



CHARLES BURNHAM has written often for THE THEATRE.

For years the manager of Wallack's, and now connected with a leading Broadway



From a portrait by Davis and Sanford

EMMY WEHLEN

One of the brightest stars in the movie firmament who
plans to return next season to the musical comedy field



THE THEATRE



WHY THE ONE ACT PLAY?

By EDWARD GOODMAN

DIRECTOR OF THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS



NOWHERE, except occasionally in the pulpit and the stock market, are general laws laid down with so much conviction and so little fear of the usual fate of the prophet as in the theatre. Three years ago one of these was to the effect that American audiences could not and would not take kindly to the one-act play. And then along came a little theatre movement, now rapidly growing to the proportions of The Little Theatre Movement, and more or less quietly proceeded to contradict the law.

Probably the original theory arose from the failure of a small theatre which presented one-act plays. But that started with a minimum admission fee of two dollars and fifty cents and attempted to make each comedy more shocking and each tragedy more thrilling than its predecessor, until it grew difficult to find anything within the bounds of make-believe that could further stimulate the spinal column of the spectator. The little theatres, on the other hand, have been less restricting both in their seat charges and in the subject-matter of their plays. And they have in a measure brought the one-act play again to life. The Washington Square Players, for example, presented during the past season a certain bill of four plays which ran for a hundred and six performances. The statement is not made for advertising purposes, since that program is no longer on the boards, but as evidence that there now are American audiences for the one-act play. Whatever the reasons that there were not or did not seem to be three years ago, the points of interest are to inquire how these have since come to be and whether it is likely or desirable that they should continue.



DOUBTLESS the prevalence of this form of drama in the new movement is due to the fact that the little play fits the little theatre. This refers to the play and not the player, for, in spite of a largely but loosely held opinion to the contrary, any actor who has an experienced knowledge of the short play will be able to testify that it is often more difficult to create a character and a mood in brief space than it is to develop it in the course of a long drama. But the little theatres are properly so called because they frankly appeal to comparatively a little group in the community—no matter how large that group may be or become. They are not attempting to supplant or to teach the established theatre, which appeals to the majority. The dramatic taste of a community of one hundred may be divided, let us say, into that of the seventy and that of the thirty. Large profits may be derived from providing for the seventy the dramatic fare which it desires, and which, if the theatre is to live up to its democratic character, it has a right to demand. But, with a few rare exceptions, what pleases the seventy does not satisfy the thirty, and a theatre which ignores the thirty is lacking in democracy, too. That is why the little theatre has arisen, fostered

by a desire of the creators of the thirty to give to the appreciators of the same class what they want, on a scale of expenditure which will make it possible for the thirty to support the expense. "What the Public Wants" is at last being corrected to "What the Publics Want."

But the writers of plays which mean to satisfy the audiences of the thirty must provide something different from the product of what Edward Massey, in his amusing dramatization of this difference, "Plots and Playwrights," has termed the "dollar dramatist." And inasmuch as the theatre for the thirty is of such recent growth here, the American playwright has naturally had little previous opportunity to develop, through the practice of production, the ability to write this type of play. So he is more likely to succeed at first in the less exacting form of the one-act, rather than the longer piece.



THE one-act play deals with some phase of character or some characteristic situation which needs but brief space to put forth its idea or its emotional appeal effectively. Indeed if it should require more than one act to tell its story then it is not a good one-act play, for it becomes obscure either through making too many points or through making too few. For this reason the dramatist developing along the lines of the new movement can feel his way out more successfully and with less strain upon his audience in the shorter form. It is easier to make a good sketch than to paint a splendid portrait. Billy Sunday can move his audiences for a matter of minutes. It took a Demosthenes to hold the pitch.

Yet these very reasons for the growth in the production of one-act plays form the best argument for giving them continued hearing. If a one-act play that would make a good long play is bad, equally bad is the long play that could be a one-act. No seasoned theatre-goer but holds in his memory examples to prove the latter point. How often have we seen a comedy with a clever idea spoiled through repetition or overthinning, in the hope that the process would make an evening's entertainment of what could have been an hour's. How many instances can be recalled of the thrilling scene at the climax which was expected to carry the rest of the piece—and didn't.

Not all the blame can be laid on the commercial instinct of the authors. A real play has not achieved its complete form until it is presented; and a dramatist should not be berated for attempting to put into three acts what would not find its way to the stage at all in one.

Nevertheless it is this practice which has probably led to the misconception of the one-act play epitomized in the term "playlet." To call a one-act a "playlet" is to imply that when it or its author grows up it will become a "full-length drama." If this were so then there would be no excuse for its perpetuation except in the nursery of the author's home. But if this is so,

then the best work of Maupassant and Poe and O. Henry must be relegated to the class of interesting promises unfulfilled. We should regret that "The Coward," "The Tell-Tale Heart" and "The Unfinished Story" were never developed. Only—we have realized that the short-story is an art form in itself, not a novel unfortunately stunted in its growth. And we must learn that the one-act play bears an analogous relation to the longer form. A real one-act play is full length. And unless we wish to eliminate from dramatic literature all the themes that can be fitly treated only in that form, we must see to it that the one-act continues to be produced.

The curtain-raiser or the vaudeville act will not answer the purpose. The former has committed suicide through what the old technical writers have called its "tragic guilt," the quality inherent in itself that brought it to its doom as inevitably as Hamlet's weakness brought him to his. Placed before the play of the evening in order to amuse that part of the audience which was waiting for the remainder to finish its dinner, it is not surprising that it failed to enlist in the interest of its sacrificial cause the best efforts of the best writers. Anyone who has seen a number of curtain-raisers can be pardoned for preferring to eat. The result of their production has been only to increase the consumption of food.

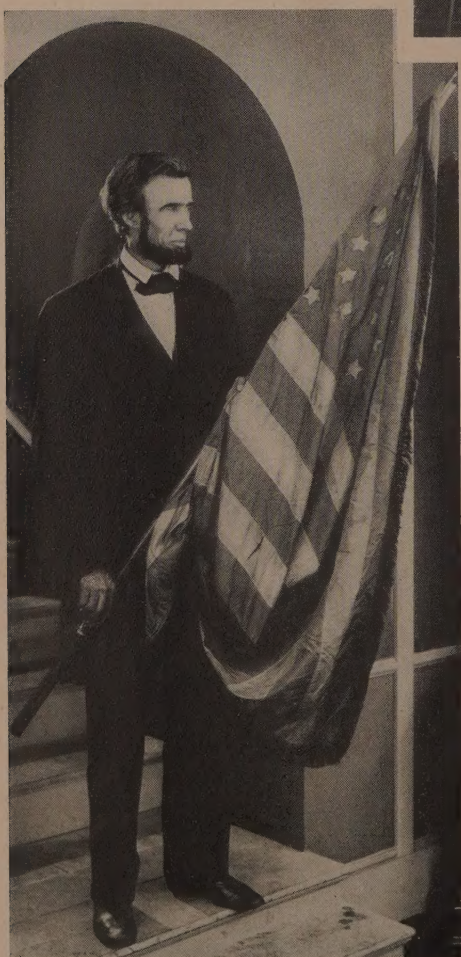
The programs of the "variety houses," on the other hand, are so extremely varied that they tend to induce in the spectator a nervous inattention which each "act" has to overcome by main force. A one-act play cannot do this except where the excitement or novelty of its theme happen to give it that accidental advantage.



SO the "legitimate" theatre will have to provide for the one-act play by producing programs made up of a combination of them; and for some time probably this responsibility will remain with the little theatre. The dramatist writing for a large public has for so long dreamed of the golden plums of the "Way Down East" that he does not want to divide them with others, as he would have to if all the acts on the program were not his own. It is only after he learns that a third or a quarter of the royalties of a bill that runs for four months is better than all of one that lasts two weeks, that he may risk the time for a one-act play when he finds the subject. And until then the little theatre should not entirely desert its one-acts, no matter how many long plays of merit it may find. Indeed it should never entirely desert them, for it has enlarged the field of drama by this revival. The theatre-going public should never be allowed to lapse again into that view of the short play which shows an insight into dramatic values akin to that into stock-breeding of the famous gentleman-farmer, who wept on the death of his ten-year-old pony, lamenting the fact that it had never grown to be a horse.

BENJAMIN CHAPIN
AS LINCOLN

Mr. Chapin is the most successful impersonator of the Great Emancipator, and is now appearing in a cycle of films based on the life of the President



MARJORIE PATTERSON
As Pierrot in "Pierrot the
Prodigal"

MRS. VERNON CASTLE
In the serial film, "Patria," written
for the purpose of patriotic appeal

The Marseillaise and Dixie

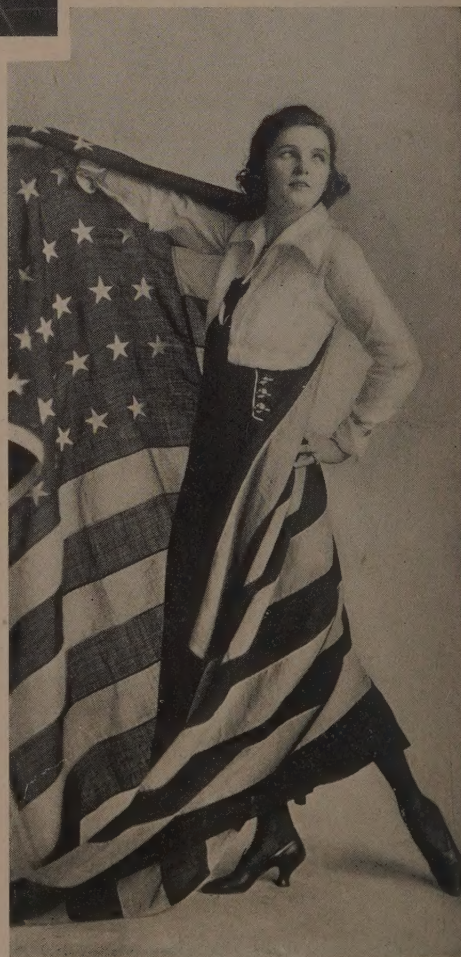
I.

*When to ruin and rack
The Prodigal fell—
Ah! he went through Hell—
Pierrot!—Pierrot—
Starved for days with the beasts
that graze,
'Till he strapped to his back
An old knapsack—
Bravo!—Bravo!—
Hear! Hear! How that bugle brays!
Pierrot!—Pierrot—
Why, it's the brave old Marseillaise!*

II.

*See—See—her flag unfurled,
See—to fifes and drums—
America comes.
Left, right—Left, right—
Winds—proud, free—our colors
flick, See—
Stars, Stripes, in glory whirled—
Call to the world—
"Now fight!"—Now fight!"
The Stars and Stripes! Oh, quick see
Left, right—Left, right—
Pierrot's stepping out to Dixie!*

MARJORIE PATTERSON



Campbell

PATRIOTISM SWEEPS THROUGH THEATRELAND



© International Film Service
Pearl White aids
Naval recruiting



© International Film Service
Jane Cowl enlisting
for the Red Cross



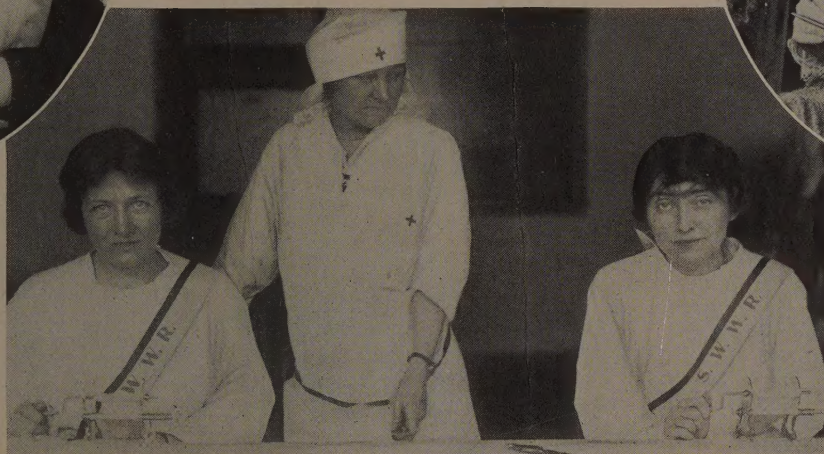
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Miss Mary Boland, knitting at the Women's War Relief Society's headquarters in Fifth Avenue



© International Film Service

Miss Lois Meredith, of the Stage Women's War Relief Society knitting for the soldiers and sailors



© International Film Service

A host of theatrical women have banded together in the Stage Women's War Relief Society and are busy making comfortable garments for Uncle Sam's fighters at the Society's headquarters in Fifth Avenue. Left to right: Frances Starr, Minnie Dupree and Chrystal Herne



© International Film Service

Julia Marlowe, delivering a spirited address at one of the recruiting stations in New York

PLAYERS' PROMPT RESPONSE TO CALL TO ARMS

PERSONAL REMINISCENCES

By FRANCES STARR



"Happy the hour, untouched of rue,
When fair hopes flower, and dreams come true."

SO runs an old Scotch ditty which innumerable grand-mamas among my forebears have sung for many generations. And that happy hour struck for me one day in 1900 when the fair hopes of my fourteen years of dreaming girlhood, burst into flower as I made my first appearance as an actress in a company, playing a season of Summer Stock in Albany, New York.

Frederic Bond was manager of this organization—a splendid actor to whom I owe much, not only for opening to my admittance those mysterious doors of the stage, but for his encouragement to a green little girl—all hopes and dreams, who knew nothing of the world—and far less than nothing of the difficulties and discouragements of the profession she was blindly but adventurously entering.

My first rôle was to have been a maid in a one-act comedy called "Nita's First." I remember that I had a little weeping scene in this playlet, and during rehearsal, either through fright or nerves—or possibly because of the thrill of being in close proximity to the hero, Mr. William Courtenay—I gave such good emotional account of myself that Mr. Bond changed the play, and gave me a typical ingenue rôle as my first part.

It was the English comedy "Home" by Robertson, therefore, in which I really began my career. This engagement lasted only through the ten summer weeks, and with the first breath of autumn the professional actors went their various ways, leaving "the little Albany girl" as they all called me, to count the autumn leaves in her own home town, with only the memories of three months of enchanted experience, and a list of probably very greatly magnified "triumphs."



MISS ADELAIDE KEIM was leading lady of the Frederick Bond company, and acting upon her very earnest and kindly advice, I presently took my first trip to New York, and presented myself—all chills and thrills and tremulousness before Henry Donnelly, to seek an engagement in his famous old Murray Hill Stock Company. This organization was then nearing the end of its valuable career, but I was fortunate enough to become a member of Mr. Donnelly's company and remained at the Murray Hill Theatre for almost two seasons.

Standing out among the parts I played under Mr. Donnelly's direction, I especially like to remember Lydia Languish in a production of Sheridan's "Rivals" as winning from Mr. Donnelly the high compliment of his serious advice to "specialize" in classic comedy rôles. Of course I played all sorts of parts in all sorts of plays at the Murray Hill. After that I was engaged to support Charles Richman in a stock season, which is chiefly mem-

orable because it led to my selection for a part in "Gallops" later on.

Then came a whirl straight across the continent to San Francisco, where I was engaged for the stock company at the Alcazar, and there, through two very busy seasons, I played a list of rôles quite dizzying to contemplate in these days when a single play furnishes a vehicle for two or three seasons.

Out of the soft blur of the Pacific air, I call



FRANCES STARR
At the age of eight

up pleasant memories of "Wilbur's Ann" (my very first Belasco part) in "The Girl I Left Behind Me," of Midge in "The Cowboy and the Lady," of Sarah Keteltas in "A Colonial Girl," of Simplicity Johnson in "Lover's Lane," of June in "Blue Jeans," Anne Wildairs in "A Lady of Quality," Ethel in "The Moth and the Flame," and others and others and others.

Then came another stock engagement—this time in Boston with the Castle Square company, and after that came New York again. This time it was Proctor's Stock Company in the 125th Street Theatre that occupied my time and thoughts with such pieces as "The Frisky Mrs. Johnson," "The Royal Box," "In The Palace of the King," "The Banker's Daughter," "Nathan Hale," "Oliver Twist," "If I Were King," and other stock favorites.

This engagement brings me down to the production of "Gallops," a delightful play by David Gray and Victor Mapes, which was done at the Garrick Theatre early in 1906. It was while I was playing a rôle in "Gallops," that the palpitant news spread through the theatre one night that David Belasco was "out in front."

Everybody felt very nervous for Mr. Richman, because we all believed that the overlord of the Belasco Theatre was visiting us for the purpose of looking very closely at Mr. Richman's work, with a view to engaging him (as indeed he was) for one of his companies. Secretly envying the leading man, I am afraid I rather stumbled through my own rôle, by reason of the earnestness with which I tried to concentrate my good luck thoughts on the hero of the play. For, of course, the one dream of every actor is a Belasco engagement, and that such a happiness, such a professional glory hung over Mr. Richman was quite enough to set us all on the *qui vive*.



IF I had thought my happiest dream was realized when I succeeded in passing through the stage door as a "regular" actress, imagine the moment of heart throb and happy terror when I found that the eye of Mr. Belasco had fallen with favor upon my work. For shortly I was summoned to the office of Mr. Belasco's business manager and admitted to the paralyzing presence of the greatest, kindest, the wisest and broadest dramatic genius the American stage has produced. And when I came away it seemed to me that life could hold no higher hope to flower than blossomed in the contract I held to appear under Mr. Belasco's management for a term of years. It seemed such incredible good fortune that I hesitated to tell my happiness in the theatre for fear of hurting the feelings of my associates who might well wonder why such unbelievable good luck had knocked at my door. For I knew that every one on the stage must be secretly hoping and praying for this radiant thing that had happened to me. And I have never found cause to change my opinion of the marvellous good that came to me that day in the old Belasco Theatre; nor to be very grateful for every winding turn in the path—often and often I had found it a

thorny up-hill path—that led me to the wonderful door that opened when I signed that contract.

I feel that my "reminiscences" should really begin, as my career really began, with that meeting with Mr. Belasco, for it was he who first instilled definite ambitions into my mind. Heretofore I had been simply drifting along on more or less happy seas, delighted with "good" parts, dejected when others came my way, placidly going from season to season content with surface successes—surface achievements. It was now that I felt guided by a rudder thrust far down into deep



Frances Starr

David Belasco

LAYING THE CORNERSTONE OF THE BELASCO THEATRE

waters; and now I knew that a great captain had taken the helm. Would I be worthy of such guidance? Could I mount the big waves into which his direction would plunge me? I could only try. Try with a happy, shaken soul that but half believed itself chosen to such wonderful chance.

Here was a man who took his work almost as a divine mission; whose enthusiasm was so genuine that no impressionable young girl could possibly fail to reflect it, if she had the opportunity to be under his direction. He believed in my ability and gave me confidence, and I must admit I lost sight of everything except work for several years. I lived for it; I preserved my health for it alone. I sought acquaintance with every art that had any connection with the art of the theatre. I studied human motives and character, I am afraid, mostly for their relation to the work which obsessed me. I believe I may say now that my outlook has broadened and all those years of relentless application to one idea unconsciously opened my eyes to the bigger accomplishment—really living. Of course one never becomes master of that art—but one can improve.

There is little one can say of David Belasco that has not been said, but from one who has been associated with him in many plays, it may not seem like an old story to expatiate on his many great qualities.

He is in earnest.

He gives more to the theatre than he takes out. Most of our theatrical producers are like the old lumbermen who stripped the forests, leaving what for the future? Problems for scientists to supply natural resources with artificial.

David Belasco must have financial successes, for he is an independent producer and his attractions must be self-supporting—but his first thought is results, true and artistic—not financial.

He has given his life to the theatre and I believe the love and confidence of the American people are all the reward he really desires, and there is no doubt of his having that. He occupies a unique niche among the producers of the world. In other countries the theatre has the co-operation of all arts. In the *personnel* of every great foreign theatre you will find the sculptor, painter, musician and *littérateur*—but that is impossible here. Our theatre is not a



When in the Alcazar Stock Company
in San Francisco



As Rosalind—a Boston experience

part of our municipal life, like our other arts, and what the theatre gives to the public she pays high for. Very little is done for the love of accomplishment and co-operation is not only lacking—it doesn't exist. Mr. Belasco works alone with the best available material, but never

believe that he doesn't improve the best that is turned over to him.

To whom can we refer among producers, who in any way can show a record of thirty years or more of uninterrupted activity, and not show signs of a *passé* method—a glimpse of the wheels of an outlived machinery? Fundamentally he is true, and each year finds him dispensing with this or that means that proved a fortune to him previously. He has vision, and while there are thoughtless writers who find pleasure in attacking him, his monument of accomplishments will be secure when they, alas, will have passed into small obscurity.

He is an absorbing subject, but I must interrupt it to go on with my thesis; but let me once more express my great respect for the man and my gratitude to the artist who has been patient and encouraging and believing during the years of our association in the theatre.

And now to speak of the parts I have been privileged to play under Mr. Belasco.

First, of course, came Helen Stanton in "The Music Master" with David Warfield. And I can wish no better fortune to any young actress than a chance to play with such an artist as the star of "The Music Master."

And then "The Rose of the Rancho," which gave me the rôle of Juanita until the close of 1908, when on New Year's eve, December 31, 1908, in Hartford, Connecticut, Mr. Belasco produced Eugene Walter's "The Easiest Way."

As Laura Murdock, in that piece, I continued the better part of three seasons before Mr. Belasco, always on the quest for plays, to illumine every phase of dramatic interpretation, found a novel psychological study in "The Case of Becky" and presented that play at the National Theatre in Washington, in November, of 1911.

After about two years of "Becky" came "The Secret," in which I again had one of those knotty psychological problems to work out, and this was followed by the exquisite religiosity of "Marie Odile"—poor little Marie, whose hapless fate won friends in a quite new *clientèle* for two seasons. Then came "Little Lady in Blue."

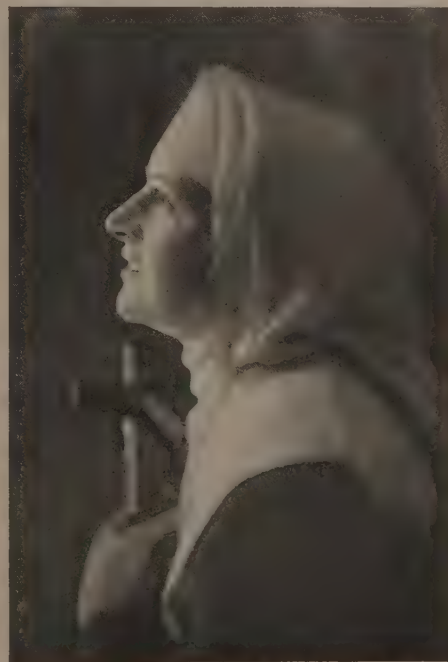
How my footsteps wandered toward the theatre—I cannot tell. I come from old Scotch and English families with a bit of Irish—the Grants and the Starrs, and they were doctors, lawyers, clergymen and soldiers—Ah weel! I canna say it's a poor Fate!



Sarony In "The Rose of the Rancho"



In "The Easiest Way"



In "Marie Odile" Strelecki

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS THEATRE

By CLAYTON HAMILTON



MR. DAVID BELASCO, in his recent rather violent attack on little independent theatres, remarked that "they have multiplied alarmingly"; and, indeed, this multiplication has by no means been confined to the metropolis. In city after city, and in many smaller centers that were never even marked upon that arbitrary map of theatrical America which used to be regarded as the last word in geography by the rival booking-offices of the Messrs. Shubert and the Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger, little independent theatres have been springing up in response to a desire and a need for artistic self-expression and enjoyment on the part of a public which too long had been denied a voice in the affairs of the commercial theatre. This movement is both democratic and spontaneous. Mr. Belasco has chosen to arraign it as a "menace." Even so the Russian Revolution was regarded by the Romanoffs and by those "dark forces" of the Russian Empire which, for so long, had given to the public what the public did not want.

Only a dozen years ago, the city of Detroit was marked upon the standard map of theatrical America as a three-nights stand, in which business was nearly always bad. It does not seem to have occurred to the magnates who controlled the bookings at the Detroit Opera House that the reason why the local people displayed so little interest in the theatre was merely that they had grown tired of paying out their money for the doubtful privilege of seeing second- or third-rate performances of plays whose only title to consideration was that once, when they had been acted by a first-rate company, they had managed to make money in New York. It is a basic trait of human nature that the people of the prov-

inces do not like to be regarded as provincial.

This same city of Detroit has now created a little theatre of its own, and is no longer entirely dependent for its theatrical fare upon the policies of the commercial booking-offices. The successful establishment of the Arts and Crafts Theatre in Detroit is interesting not only in itself, but is interesting even more as an indication of the sort of thing that has been done already in several other cities, and also of the sort of thing that may be done, without extraordinary effort, in innumerable centers that already feel a stirring toward a democratic insurrection in the theatre.



THE Arts and Crafts Theatre in Detroit is housed in a charming and ingratiating building that has been erected at Thirty-Five Watson Street. Though the auditorium is small and intimate, the stage is fully as extensive as those that may be found in most of our commercial theatres. It is equipped, moreover, with a plaster background and an apparatus for the use of refracted and disseminated light, and is the only stage in the United States which employs these modern instances of craftsmanship, with the single exception of the stage of the Neighborhood Playhouse in New York.

But the success of any undertaking in what has come already to be called "the new art of the theatre" is dependent less on the material equipment of the instrument than on the personal equipment of the *régisseur*. An artist of the type of Gordon Craig may accomplish more outdoors upon a lawn or indoors within a barn than a peddler of the old commercial type may accomplish with the most expensive apparatus. The

Arts and Crafts Theatre in Detroit has been most fortunate in the choice of its director; for its undertakings have been entrusted, from the outset, to the control of so reliable an artist as Mr. Sam Hume.

Mr. Sam Hume comes from Cambridge, Massachusetts. He is an all-round artist of the theatre—a designer, a stage-director, an actor, and a manager. He was, for a considerable period, a pupil of Gordon Craig's in Florence; and the high esteem in which his master holds him has been attested by several attacks on Mr. Hume which have been printed in *The Mask* since Mr. Craig (as is his wont) grew jealous of the individual achievements of his erstwhile underling. It was Mr. Hume who assembled and prepared the first exhibition of models and designs illustrative of "the new art of the theatre" that was ever made in America. This exhibition—originally shown in Cambridge—was subsequently imported to New York—on which occasion the main credit for the undertaking was assigned by the metropolitan newspapers to Mrs. Emilie Hapgood, who, as president of the Stage Society of New York, had merely transported to Fifth Avenue an exposition which was already an accomplished fact. Mr. Hume's exhibit was carried later to Chicago and subsequently to Detroit, where—on the occasion of the national convention of the Drama League of America in April, 1915—it was shown in the galleries of the Detroit Museum of Art. This exhibition led directly to the choice of Mr. Hume as dictator of the destiny of the subsequently-founded independent theatre in Detroit.

Mr. Hume is a beautiful idealist in designing the trappings and the suits of the better type of drama. A model of his permanent but mutable



Scene in Lord Dunsany's play, "The Tents of the Arabs," as presented at the Arts and Crafts Theatre, Detroit

stage setting for poetic plays is now enshrined in the Dramatic Museum of Columbia University. By a simple arrangement of pylons and blank walls and arches and tall draperies, that may be changed at will, in uncounted permutations, he has managed to create a serviceable background for the stage production of any number of idealistic plays.

Mr. Hume is also an able actor. Metropolitan critics and students of the theatre will remember that he played one of the leading parts in the production of "King Henry IV" in the Elizabethan manner which was shown in New York by the Alumni of Harvard University as their specific contribution to the recent tercentenary celebration of the completed fact of the career of Shakespeare.

At the Arts and Crafts Theatre in Detroit, productions are given once a month, and every effort is expended to make these productions as beautiful as possible. The scenery, the costumes, and the lighting—designed or supervised by Mr. Hume—approach the finest standards that have recently been set in Russia and in Germany, and eclipse with ease the ordinary standards that are set by the commercial theatre in America. The acting—which is only semi-professional—leaves a little to be desired; but, at least, it is adequate to the occasion. And the choice of plays to be presented soars far above the most ambitious undertakings of the Messrs. Shubert and the Messrs. Klaw and Erlanger.

The undeniable artistic merit of Mr. Hume's stage settings will be attested adequately by the accompanying photographic illustrations. But no less interesting and significant is the list of plays that have been chosen thus far by Mr. Hume for presentation in the Arts and Crafts Theatre in Detroit. This list includes "The Tents of the Arabs," by Lord Dunsany (the first production of this play on any stage in the English-speaking world); "The Lost Silk Hat," by Lord Dunsany (the first important production of this play in America); "The Glittering Gate," by Lord Dunsany; (Concluded on page 373)

Sam Hume as Abraham, Frances Loughton as Isaac, in "Abraham and Isaac"



SCENE IN THE MIRACLE PLAY "ABRAHAM AND ISAAC" SHOWING THE ANGEL PRODUCED BY SAM HUME AT THE ARTS AND CRAFTS THEATRE, DETROIT

THE TRIBULATIONS OF A LIBRETTIST

By LOUIS CLINE



NO one except the man who has undergone the many trials and heart-breaking tribulations of writing and having produced his comic opera libretto could ever begin to realize the tremendous task which confronts him," said Mr. Henry Blossom, whose latest work, "Eileen," a romantic comic opera of Ireland, with music by Victor Herbert, is now engaging the attention of the Celtic population of New York, as well as the regular theatre-goer.

The conversation took place in Atlantic City, where "Eileen" was going through the process of its final preliminary performance before entering New York.

"There is no wonder," continued Mr. Blossom, that librettists turn their attention to the drama, or go back to sawing wood in offices, after their first work has been produced and they have felt the sharp bite of the criticisms on the morning after the first performance, coming as a last straw after the producing director has had his inning, while the piece was in the process of being re-written and staged.

"In the first place a librettist must be able to tell a unified story, and that story must be of sufficient strength to hold the interest of audiences for two hours and a half. Then he must write his story in such a manner that the composer shall have every opportunity of displaying his best melodies. He must know how much time to allow between these musical numbers to enable the chorus and principals to change costumes; he must be able to carry on that story in the lyrics—if he is a lyricist as well as librettist;—he must be able to build up scenes and situations for the proper dramatic effect; he must possess sufficient originality to invent new 'business' for the comedian, or at least present the comedian with the opportunity of building his own particular style of comedy; he must know humor, and sprinkle the libretto with a generous number of these humor points—he must know a thousand and one details before he even begins to place his story on paper.



AND this is only the beginning. The librettist, no matter whether he is a newcomer, or an old hand at the business, must have the fortitude to make cuts in his work, here and there, to fit the need of the producing director. Some of these cuts are lines which he has written and rewritten, time without number—polished to the highest degree—to gain the proper effect, until practically all semblance of his original work has been entirely obliterated and only the bare idea is left.

"The librettist must be a man who can build up again, and yet again, where deletions have left gaping holes in his scenes. And, then, after he has become worn out by ceaseless work, and probably without sleep for forty-eight hours, just previous to the scheduled first performance, he must be prepared to smile at the adverse reviews which he knows will appear in the papers the next morning.

"And what is his reward? He gets none; that is insofar as encouragement is concerned. When his libretto is produced the critics pan him to a good round turn, because, as they say, his work doesn't begin to compare with the standard set by his composer, no matter who that composer may be. If the production is a success, the critics maintain it is because of the music. If it is a failure, it is because of the librettist's book.

"The way of the librettist is similar to the way of the transgressor!

"With the straight drama, or comedy, the author can build up situations which will hold together without trouble, provided he knows his business. He can sustain the interest because he has no musical interruptions. But with the comic opera libretto his well-built situations are broken up by the songs. And after this musical interruption he is forced to begin again, where he left off, and continue to hold the interest. I know whereof I speak for I have written both types. In short, what the librettist really furnishes his composer is a 'clothes horse' around which to drape his melodies. But he must make that 'clothes horse' so interesting that the bare framework of the ungainly thing is hidden from the public's gaze, and it must take on a semblance of symmetry.



WITH a musical comedy it is also different. There the writer of the book has only the barest scintilla of a story to tell. The lyrics with the music carry on no part of the story. They are simply an excuse to get the chorus girls on the stage to show their costumes. It matters not a bit if these songs break up a scene. A line of humor after a song will suffice to whet the appetite for the theatregoer.

"Critics have railed against Mr. Herbert's librettists because they claim they have not been able to match his genius. All of which, in my own case, I grant you. When 'Eileen' was presented in New England, one critic prayed for another W. S. Gilbert to pair off with Mr. Herbert. It is not my intention to take issue with this critic, or any other critic, and I sincerely hope that Mr. Herbert will get another Gilbert to write a libretto for him; but I do say if the critics and the public realized the herculean task the present day librettist struggles under, they would at least give him an even break.

"When the original manuscript of 'Eileen' was first written it was almost twice its present length. Of course cuts had to be made in it. That is but natural to expect; but in making those cuts the finely drawn nuances of light and shade were sacrificed regardless of the unity of the story. Places where a line was removed the situations, or scenes, had to be entirely rewritten, not once but many times. Is it any wonder the librettist almost gives up in despair?

"A well-known critic wrote the libretto for a musical comedy, and when the piece was produced his brother critics gave his work a sound panning. He said to me: 'I don't say that my work is a masterpiece—far from it—but I thought, at least, they would give me an even break.' I told him that was what he had been handing me ever since my work first appeared.



THAT is the trouble with the critics. They make not the slightest allowance; which proves they are honest with themselves and with their readers; but it scarcely provides a bit of encouragement to the librettist to do ever better work the next time he is engaged in writing a new libretto. We librettists know beforehand that we are going to be eternally damned, but we do the best we can—which is all that anybody can ask—and let it go at that.

"Please understand me when I say that I am not finding fault; but I repeat if audiences and

critics realized the vast amount of study the writing of a libretto entails, before the writer even places his thought, or idea, to paper, and the heart breaking work he is forced to undergo when the libretto is placed into rehearsal, a bit more charity would be shown."

Henry Blossom comes from the State of Missouri. Up to the time he began writing musical comedy librettos he was a clerk in his father's insurance offices, in St. Louis, and had dabbled a bit in writing magazine stories. The editors, he confesses, showed more consideration for the stories of a beginner than his critics have shown for his successful efforts at writing operettas, for checks for accepted stories soon turned Mr. Blossom's attention to serious thoughts of literary work as a means of livelihood.

Encouraged by the frequent publication of his contributions to the magazines, he tried a more ambitious work—a long story—entitled, "The Documents in Evidence"—and upon publication of the book the critics hailed the work as a daintily conceived and splendidly executed idea as had come from the publishers in many a day. It was a love story, charmingly told, and artistic to a high degree.

With this success gained, Henry Blossom began his search for other material. His wanderings brought him to the race track, where he studied character. One character made a deep impression on his mind. It was the character which later became the principal figure in "Checkers." The story of the race track tout has since become familiar to millions of Americans. The success of the book—it sold like wild-fire—caused Blossom to hang up his coat in his father's office for the last time, and with it went the ambition to become an insurance magnate. It was after he left his father's office that he saw the dramatic possibilities of "Checkers" and he dramatized the book himself.



UPON the completion of the work he went to New York City, and met with the same reception that hundreds of other unknown authors have undergone. No theatrical producer could see the possibilities of the play.

Finally the late Kirk LaShelle heard the story of "Checkers," and signed a contract with Blossom to produce the play. The playwright's words come true—the play was a tremendous success.

Henry Blossom's first appearance as a librettist was made in 1904, in collaboration with Alfred Robyn, also of St. Louis, who was his composer. They turned out the "Yankee Consul" for Raymond Hitchcock, which was produced by Henry Savage.

Then began the famous combination between Victor Herbert and Henry Blossom, which resulted in "The Red Mill," written for Montgomery and Stone, and "Mlle Modiste" and the "Prima Donna" for Fritz Scheff.

After separating from Victor Herbert, Blossom wrote the libretto for "The Slim Princess" in which Elsie Janis was starred. Leslie Stuart was the composer.

This was followed by "All for the Ladies," in which Sam Bernard was the particular luminary, and for which Mr. Blossom's first collaborator furnished the music. Then came a renewal of associations with Victor Herbert, with "The Only Girl," "Princess Pat," and the latest and best work, "Eileen."



(Left)
ARLINE PRETTY
Playing opposite Douglas
Fairbanks on the screen



(Right)
CHRISTINE MAYO
"A vampire of the films"
who starred in the
Willard Mack photoplay
"Who Is Your Neighbor"



Ira L. Hill



National

White

REGINA RICHARDS
Now appearing in "The
Small Town Girl"

Campbell

ROSE DAVIES
In the midnight revue,
"Dance and Grow Thin,"
at the Cocoanut Grove



Campbell

VERA MAXWELL

A popular favorite in the recent
production of "The Century Girl"



© Strauss-Peyton

IRENE FRANKLIN
One of the chief performers in
the new Winter Garden revue,
"The Passing Show of 1917"



Ira L. Hill

MABEL HENRY

Substituting in the rôle of
Amy Lee in "Her Soldier Boy"

HOW I DO MY IMITATIONS

By ELSIE JANIS



WHENEVER I go to a party or a dinner, some woman, during the course of the evening, is sure to run up to me and giggle: "Oh, Miss Janis, I'm so glad you are here. I want to introduce you to a friend of mine and after he goes you can give us an imitation of him."

It always amuses me very much because it shows that people have the impression I am like a monkey in the Zoo, imitating everything I see.

Then, too, I always meet the learned gentleman who looks at me in a perplexed manner and finally says in an earnest tone: "But Miss Janis, is imitation really an art?"

I have come to dread this question because every time I argue the subject I become convinced that my talent amounts to nothing and that imitation is just something anyone could do if they tried hard enough.

It seems to me that imitation is a knack rather than an art. All children are really born with the powers of imitation but some develop it more than others. That is how a child learns—by imitation. Perhaps if children kept on perfecting their talent they might go on the stage, as I did. My mother tells me I was always imitating everyone, and sometimes it was very embarrassing for her.

I remember once that I imitated a certain friend of my mother's and was soundly spanked for it. This woman was always grouchy and complaining about her aches and pains, so one day, when she came to the house, I listened carefully for a few moments, and then went up to my room to practice before the mirror. When I heard the front door close, I thought she had gone. I came down-stairs, croaking in this woman's voice and mumbling about my back and my head and my teeth.

Suddenly, out of the perfect silence, I heard my mother in a frigid voice say:

"ELSIE!"

My blood froze, and I took those stairs to my room three at a time. The woman had not gone, and she instantly recognized herself from my imitation, which, I think, was rather complimentary to me.



WHEN I went on the vaudeville stage, as a young child, I imitated everyone on the bill. I would sit out front in the afternoon, see the acts, and by the evening performance I had the little mannerisms down pat and could go on and do a bit from each of the acts.

The method that I used then, I use now. Some people think I see persons I imitate a dozen times, go to their dressing rooms, and talk with them, learning every intonation, and taking down their lines. I wouldn't be an imitator if I did that. I would be a parrot.

Apparently, I only have to see someone once or twice to get the impression. I don't try to get intimate details down. All I watch for is the peculiar mannerisms which are associated with various players. For example, the distinguishing thing about Ethel Barrymore is her deep voice. It would be recognized anywhere. Dan Daly always held his hands in a certain position, had a queer way of stroking his mustache and everyone knew his facial motions. George M. Cohan is the most characteristic person in the world. He has a most peculiar face, he talks out of one side of his mouth, has a funny stoop

to his shoulders, and always wears his hat on one side of his head.

We imitators have our troubles, you know, just like anyone else. And it is because everyone, way down deep in their hearts, objects to being imitated. They never think the picture is good enough, although they profess to be pleased that I choose them as one of my models. Ethel Barrymore has said I was perfectly ridiculous in pretending that she had a deep voice. She says she never talked low at all. If you have seen Ethel, I'll leave it to you which one of us is right. Laurette Taylor told me I opened my eyes too much in my imitation of her. She said she never did that at all.

Nat C. Goodwin told me that one time he was



ELSIE JANIS

imitating a dramatic actor in a scene from one of his plays and later on he asked that man what he thought of the imitation, and the actor replied: "Well, Nat, one of us is rotten."

Sarah Bernhardt is the most appreciative friend I have. I do an imitation of her singing a popular song in French, and she was really flattered that I chose her, and although she has never seen my imitations of her, she says she has been told they are very good. I went behind the scene to see her after watching her play *Phèdre* one day and my face was flooded with tears. She took my emotion as a great compliment because, as in every other profession, one likes to impress one who is in the same kind of work. She told me she used to imitate, sing and dance when she was much younger.

At the time she had her leg amputated in Paris, I was playing in London, and I sent her a telegram, congratulating her on her successful operation, and asking if I should discontinue my imitation of her. I thought she might consider it bad taste at a time when she was suffering so.

She sent me back a very gracious letter, telling me by all means to continue and keep her memory green among the London folk who adore and worship her. She certainly is a great and wonderful woman.

I really believe that from a box-office point of view, and that is what controls imitations,

Eddie Foy is a greater drawing card than Woodrow Wilson or Theodore Roosevelt. How long has Wilson been in the public eye? Ten years at the most. Eddie Foy has been known for twenty or more. Get the point?

Irvin S. Cobb asked me the other night why I didn't do imitations of famous men. I turned to Mrs. Cobb, who was standing near by, and said: "Mrs. Cobb, how many public men would you go to hear?"

"None," she answered, with a smile. "I'm not interested enough in them."

I turned to Irv and laughed.

"There you are, Irv," I said. "You're a great portrayer of human nature, but that time I taught you something about women."

While I'm on the topic of President Wilson, however, let me say that he is the greatest audience you ever saw. When he laughs, the audience laughs with him, and as he is very appreciative, he keeps the house in good humor most of the evening.

Many actors and actresses have told me they would rather play before him than anyone else. I always play directly at him when I see him in the box, and believe me, I feel good when he applauds my efforts. My imitations of Eddie Foy always make him laugh. I guess he thinks Eddie is funny.

If I ever did imitate public men, I wouldn't do Roosevelt. He'd be too easy. All you have to do to get Roosevelt is to stick on a mustache, a pair of glasses, push out your teeth, and yell "De-e-lighted." At once the audience will applaud. All the men imitate him because he is so easy.

William Jennings Bryan has a sonorous voice, and I think it would be his voice more than anything else that I would catch. It would be rather hard to make my hair like his, unless I wore a wig, and that I never do. Still, with a few remarks about the advisability of peace and the horrors of war, I guess the public would know who I was imitating.

To imitate Hughes, I'd have to wear a beard. Perhaps I would take my hair and twist it around my chin. But then, there is no mannerism about Hughes to imitate. He is a very serious, reserved man, and that kind are awfully hard to catch.



NOW if Mr. Hughes were like Billy Sunday, it would be different. There is a man I admire. He certainly is some actor. By that I don't mean he isn't sincere. I believe he is, but he certainly knows how to get the attention of the crowd. He can hold them spellbound for hours. If I had to imitate Billy I'd need a throat specialist in one week. I don't see how he can yell the way he does.

I met Charles H. Schwab one day and the steel king asked me, with a charming smile, what point in his make-up I would imitate if I were to do him.

"I'd like to imitate the way you make money," I flashed back at him, and he roared. He thought that was real funny.

Here is an interesting point that occurs to me. Europeans lend themselves much more readily to imitation. I have in mind Lloyd George, the English Prime Minister. He certainly is an exception to the general rule of Englishmen. I visited the House (Concluded on page 374)



From a photograph by White

GENEVIEVE HAMPER AS LUCIUS, ROBERT B. MANTELL AS BRUTUS IN
"JULIUS CAESAR," RECENTLY PRESENTED AT THE 44th STREET THEATRE

WHAT SOCIETY IS DOING FOR THE STAGE

By ELIZABETH HIATT GREGORY



THAT the stage and the woman of fashion are assuming more intimate relations is a pleasing fact, for it is undeniable that the gulf once separating the polite world from the footlights is being bridged. The reason is obvious since there are so many women of the leisure class with brains and talent to offer, who have found stimulation in creative work that amply justifies the effort.

The result of this cementing of interests has been most gratifying and much that is worth while has been given to stagecraft, for naturally those nurtured in cultured surroundings have a sense of *finesse* that is too often lacking in the work of the professional.

The amateur no longer soars on the wings of charity, which has been its vehicle in the past, but tests the merits of art by commercializing it, which is the surest way to determine the true value. When a calloused manager or producer accepts something, it is a foregone conclusion that he thinks he sees a financial asset, and the chances are he would not favor the so-called idle woman, because of the absurd opinion that she has the brain and the heart of a butterfly, while in reality no woman is better qualified to analyze human traits and situation than the one who has seen the world from many angles.

We have long had the society playwright, but it is only recently that the women of fashion have branched forth as designers of scenery, producers and costumers. It is true most of these women have long been patrons of the kindred arts and their efforts have been to spur the professional. Notable among these who are actively engaged in the interests of matters pertaining to stagecraft are: Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, Mrs. Benjamin S. Guinness, Mrs. August Belmont, Mrs. John W. Alexander, Mrs. Philip Lydig, Mrs. Emilie Hapgood, Mrs. Leonard Thomas, Mrs. Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff and the Misses Alice and Irene Lewisohn.



IT is not surprising that Mrs. Guinness, who has so long sponsored artists in her *salon*, should find designing costumes for the stage interesting. At her shop called Zahrah, conducted for the benefit of charity, she spends over two hours every afternoon in consultation with prospective customers. She has already demonstrated the practicability of her art by designing costumes for Miss Henrietta Crosman and Miss Brooks in "Getting Married," and for Miss Ruth Draper, the monologist, and Miss Nesbitt in "Magic." Mrs. Guinness takes even a deeper interest in the stage and one of her ideas is to encourage histrionic ability in children, which she regards as the best means of insuring poise. In her Washington Square home she has staged plays for these juvenile Thespians.

When Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney, daughter of the late Cornelius Vanderbilt, already renowned as a sculptor, enlarged her sphere by designing a setting for one act of "As It Was in the Beginning," it naturally created admiration and interest, for everyone knows that Mrs. Whitney is serious in her undertakings and always succeeds in bringing about results that count. Not only have her own efforts been fruitful, but she has been an aid to those less fortunately placed in giving them a chance to prove their merit. Her studio has been at the disposal of those whom she wished to encourage and she has stimulated interest by awarding prizes.

It was for Mrs. Norman Hapgood to prove that a woman cannot only be successful in creating stage settings, but has the necessary executive ability to produce. G. K. Chesterton's "Magic" fell into excellent hands when Mrs. Hapgood undertook its presentation at the Maxine Elliott Theatre. For three years, O. P. Heggie, who has the American rights, searched in vain for someone with the termerity to put on this comedy of the superhuman before he found Mrs. Hapgood, which speaks well for her courageous venture. As head of the Stage Society, Mrs. Hapgood naturally had ideas and she put them to work. She organized the company and is responsible for the cast. She never missed a rehearsal and offered many practical suggestions. Then she stepped in and did the unexpected by designing the scenery as Robert Edmond Jones could not undertake the task.



ASSOCIATED with Mrs. Hapgood as a subscriber is Mrs. Leonard M. Thomas, author of a volume of poems, who probably will enlarge her scope by becoming a playwright next season. At Bar Harbor last season she assumed the leading rôle in "Harper's Formula," a moving picture melodrama, the scenario of which was written by Mrs. Gouverneur Morris.

Another fashionable playwright, about to launch a new play is Mrs. Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff, whose poetic drama "Alkestis," was produced at the Hudson Theatre by the Coburn Players and also before many colleges. "Eric," her latest dramatic poem, published three years ago, is in three parts, and is the expression of superhuman development. It is a metaphysical allegory, embodying the everlasting combat between consciousness and annihilation. Mrs. Wagstaff began writing at the age of ten, printing a pamphlet of verse and comment. She writes easily and readily and finds it a stimulating pastime. Her brilliant epigrams have attracted much attention.

Mrs. August Belmont, the former Eleanor Robson, has never left the stage in spirit. Her present project is the development of the Community Theatre, through the Educational Dramatic League, of which she is President. With the league are affiliated amateur organizations in schools, settlements and churches to the number of three hundred and eighty-four societies throughout the United States. Her plans, she states, have been delayed, due to the state of national affairs. As Eleanor Robson, Mrs. Belmont first became interested in the work among children by whom such plays as "The Toy Shop," "The Masque" and "Two Strangers" were produced in sign language. The league has also presented "Little Women," "Nathan Hale" and Tagore's "Post Office." The proposed theatre will be situated somewhere in Manhattan.

Mrs. Belmont works on the theory that drama is a crime cure for boys and girls. Anyway, she says it is fine fun.



MRS. JOHN W. ALEXANDER, widow of the artist, combines costume and stage designing, and has made a success of both. She began by designing the costumes for Maude Adams in "Peter Pan" and so delighted was the actress that Mrs. Alexander has been under contract ever since. Finding that the work of Miss Adams did not occupy all her time, Mrs. Alex-

ander asked the privilege of extending her work and among other achievements planned the stage settings for "The Bridal Night" and the costumes for a playlet by Oscar Wilde, presented at the Portmanteau Theatre. The costumes worn by Miss Adams in "A Kiss for Cinderella" are also among her recent designs.

The Misses Alice and Irene Lewisohn, after directing the destinies of the Neighborhood Playhouse, in Grand Street, moved up to Broadway as supporters of Gertrude Kingston, at the Maxine Elliott Theatre, where she presented plays by Shaw and Dunsany with the company from the downtown theatre. It was the purpose of the Misses Lewisohn to further the vogue of the intellectual drama in the recognized theatre-going district.

Then there is the Stage Society, with Mrs. William Astor Chanler as president, which produces two plays annually, the women members being given the opportunity to express their views and offer suggestions. The influence of women was also well asserted in the management of the Garrick Theatre where the Théâtre Français Company presented a new French play each week. In the property department were such prominent women as Mmes. Henry A. Murray, Robert L. Bacon, William H. Sands, Fordyce D. Baker, H. D. Babcock, and William Appleton Burnham.

While Mrs. Philip Lydig has found time to extend support to various philanthropic and artistic causes, she has been an ardent patron of the stage in its different phases, and probably has presented more representatives of the histrionic art in her *salon* than any other New York hostess. A notable occasion was the presentation of "Judith" in her uptown home about two years ago. The entire second floor was transformed into a theatre and there was a record in the fact that no regrets were sent, which taxed the ingenuity of the hostess to accommodate the audience. Mrs. Lydig has also sponsored productions put on in the theatres for the benefit of charity.

When asked to express an opinion of the future of the American drama, Mrs. Lydig said:



TO-DAY a new spirit breathes upon the stage. It breathes upon all hearts—it is the Spirit of Change. The modern stage was for a long while held in utter contempt. It vegetated, was neglected. Artists turned away from it. A Personality is needed, a mighty all-powerful individuality devoted to Truth and Beauty, a fitting follower of Molière and Shakespeare. And when this man of genius appears, the analyzing, dissecting, decomposing will cease, as he will gather together in his hand the scattered bundle of dramatic art to present through an open door of sympathetic understanding and beauty, the human heart, human life.

"Let Americans cease to attempt to establish in New York that which comes via Munich; via Berlin—but to encourage the blossoming of an American dramatic art, and toward this goal let us be ourselves, modestly and humbly, and have the courage to begin with red blood running in our veins and our faces turning toward the rising sun."

Now the woman of fashion and the stage are so linking interests let us hope we will no longer hear the expression that "society is brainless and the stage rotten."



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MRS. BENJAMIN GUINNESS

In her establishment known as the Zahrah Shop, conducted for the benefit of charity. She is seen wearing a coat of her own design



MRS. EMILIE
HAPGOOD

Theatrical manager
and scenic designer.
Producer of "Magic"
and the negro plays



Courtesy Ed. J. Steichen

MRS. PHILIP LYDIG

Whose private theatricals have encouraged the development of many talented players



Press Ill.

MRS. ALFRED
WAGSTAFF, JR.

Poetess-dramatist
whose first play
"Alkestis" was produced at the Hudson



MRS. JOHN W. ALEXANDER

Widow of the well-known artist and designer of stage costumes and settings

PROOF THAT THE SOCIETY WOMAN IS NOT ALWAYS AN IDLER



Photos White

Jose Ruben

Margaret Mower

Arthur E. Hohl

Mary Shaw

SCENE IN THE WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYERS' PRODUCTION OF IBSEN'S "GHOSTS"



Carter De Haven

SCENE IN "HIS LITTLE WIDOWS," THE NEW MUSICAL COMEDY AT THE ASTOR

NEW PLAYS AND OLD ON BROADWAY

MR. HORNBLOW GOES TO THE PLAY



LIBERTY. "BOSOM FRIENDS." Play in three acts by Frank Mandel. Produced on April 9th with this cast:

Sebastian Krug	Lew Fields
Gretel Krug	Irene Fenwick
Anna, his sister	Mathilde Cottrelly
Dr. Aaron Mather	John Mason
Henry Mather	Richard Bennett
Mrs. Hofmeir	Helen Lowell
Mrs. Carstairs	Helen Ware
George Hewitt	Willis P. Sweatnam

HAVING served his time as the Charlie Chaplin of days of yore, Lew Fields has apparently decided to graduate into the Dave Warfield class. The result is "Bosom Friends," written by Frank Mandel and produced with a remarkable cast of noted players.

Mr. Mandel has not found it necessary to venture outside of the theatre for his material. His play is a time-tried antique. Mr. Fields is a village schoolmaster, with a German accent, of course. His bosom friend—if you can imagine it—is John Mason. They play pinochle and Potash-and-Perlmutter with each other generally.

Mr. Mason has a very mature-looking son in the person of Richard Bennett. Mr. Fields has Irene Fenwick for a daughter. Need I go further? The course of true love is roughened for a while by Mr. Bennett's experiences in wicked New York, but after the two fond fathers have had a Warfield row at the end of Act II, Helen Ware, the adventuress, yields up "the papers," and all is well.

The pathos of "Bosom Friends," wrung as it is from a shallow and artificial story, is far less successful than the humor which is sprinkled throughout the play. Mr. Fields has demonstrated for all time that he can get a laugh without gouging out an eye, whether he succeeds in moistening said eye or not.

Next to Mr. Fields, Miss Fenwick and Mathilde Cottrelly did the best acting. Mr. Mason, hopelessly miscast, did the worst. He played the supposedly mellow country doctor about as convincingly as Fatty Arbuckle might be expected to play Hamlet. Willis Sweatnam and Helen Lowell contributed their familiar character bits.

BELASCO. "THE VERY MINUTE." Play in three acts by John Meehan.

Produced on April 9th with this cast:

Horace Cramner	Forrest Robinson
Mrs. Cramner	Marie Wainwright
Francis Cramner	Arnold Daly
Kathleen	Cathleen Nesbitt
Phillip Cramner	William Morris
Mr. Husner	John W. Cope
Dr. Monticou	Lester Lonergan
Robert	Robert Vivian
Bennett	Leon E. Brown

THE State should guarantee that we should not be bored," sentimentously exclaims a character in "The Very Minute," Mr. Belasco's latest. I am quite sure that under such a guarantee "The Very Minute" would never be passed by the censor. It was the dulllest play of the year.

"The Demon Rum" or "The Coise of Drink" would have been a better title. Arnold Daly plays the dipsomaniac son of a small-college president who hopes the boy may succeed to his father's title. To please the invalid the trustees offer the post to the hard drinker on condition that he agree not to accept. Meanwhile, the girl he loves and a psychiatrist uncle do what they can to reform him—which isn't a great deal. We are supposed to believe that, when the father dies of grief, the son reforms—a severe tax on credulity.

For the rest, "The Very Minute" is an interminable tedium of debate and fourth-rate philosophizing. Not more than two or three moments even so much as approach drama. Mr. Daly is much in evidence, consuming untold quantities of cold tea, and ranting and mouthing to his heart's content. He is an excellent actor, but he needs to study Hamlet's advice to the players.

Indeed, much good acting was wasted on this inept and sophomoric twaddle. Forrest Robinson, as the invalid father; William Morris, as the psychiatrist; and John W. Cope, as a college trustee, are cases in point. Lester Lonergan, who some day is going to be given the part he deserves, lent distinction to the third act. Miss Cathleen Nesbitt was effective, if somewhat mechanical; and Miss Marie Wainwright acted as in days of yore.

The people who think they think may care for "The Very Minute" with its cheap agnosticism and its endless platitudes. The first night audience gave the play a flattering

reception. There was a speech by Mr. Meehan, the author, and—of course—a speech by Mr. Daly; and Mr. Belasco—his hair painstakingly dishevelled—pulled his forelock and—made a speech. In fact, a pleasant time was had by all—who remained awake.

NEW AMSTERDAM. "COLONEL NEWCOME." Play in four acts by Michael Morton. Adapted from Thackeray's "The Newcomes." Produced on April 10th with this cast:

Colonel Newcome	Herbert Tree
Clive Newcome	Robert Rendel
Sir Barnes Newcome,	Warburton Gamble
Fred Bayham	Sydney Greenstreet
Arthur Pendennis	Edward Forbes
James Binney	Eric Snowdon
The Marquis of Farintosh,	Charles Coleman
Lord Kew	Craig Ward
Sir Thomas de Boots	Redmond Flood
Nadab	George G. Carr
Bowkins	St. Clair Bayfield
Little Fred	Eugene Lowe
Martin	G. W. Anson
Bank Messenger	Walter Plinge
Captain Sparke	H. P. Hoyle
Major Madison	George Nixon
Captain Hallock	George G. Carr
Indian Servant	John Powers
Rumun Loll	H. R. Irving
Ethel Newcome	Elsie MacKay
Lady Kew	Clara T. Bracy
Madame de Florac	Adelaide Prince
Mrs. Mackenzie	Alice Augarde Butler
Rosey Mackenzie	Katherine Sayre
Mrs. Mason	Stella St. Audrie
Lady Fareham	Lora Prince
Nurse	Dorothy Cheston
Maria	Phyllis Bullen

WHETHER standard novels should ever be dramatized is such an open question that it is hardly worth reviving so late in the season.

"The Newcomes," as a play, probably, could never satisfy the Thackerayn adherents, but as a basis Michael Morton has envolved from it a dramatic story that tells the history of the lovable Colonel with sustained interest in a number of scenes fraught with picturesque suggestion, aristocratic delicacy, gentle humor and undeniable pathos.

It was a more than pleasing entertainment that Sir Herbert Tree presented for the delectation of his numerous following during his recent engagement at the New Amsterdam and in his assumption of the title rôle—the play was called "Colonel Newcome"—Sir Herbert

more than ever emphasized his un-failing grasp of character.

The varying phases of the Colonel's ups and downs, the personal traits, his modesty, generosity and honor were pictured with a sustained variety that made it seem to have veritably, stepped from the breathing immortal pages of Thackeray's great novel. Particularly beautiful was the scene with the old nurse, while the final exit of the proud old veteran was accomplished with a fine expression of deep feeling.

Excellent was the supporting cast. Robert Rendel was a gracious Clive; Sydney Greenstreet, an ebulliently humorous "F. B."; quaintly eccentric was Charles Coleman, as the Marquis of Farintosh; Elsie MacKay brought youth and beauty to the rôle of Ethel; Stella St. Audrie was admirable as the old retainer, while, as Mrs. Mackenzie, Alice Augarde Butler was a tower of theatrical strength. The costumes and stage sets were delightful in their appropriate color and characteristics.

BIJOU. "THE KNIFE." Melo-drama in a prelude and three acts by Eugene Walter. Produced on April 12th with this cast:

Dr. Robert Manning	Robert Edeson
Kate Tarleton	Olive Wyndham
Kate's Mammy	Caroline Newcombe
William Meredith	Lowell Sherman
Dr. Louise Meredith	Beatrice Beckley
George Scott	William A. Norton
Ellis	Gordon Burby
Stella Hill	Hazel Burby
James Bristol	Cyrus Wood
A Nurse	Ada Davis

CONVINCING a modern audi-ence that a surgeon, even on the verge of discovering the remedy for a terrible disease, has the right to experiment on healthy human beings is surely a difficult task. In "The Knife," however, Eugene Walter accomplishes the feat by making his human beings parasites of the lowest type and causing his audience to feel that boiling in oil would be a comparatively merciful treatment of them.

François de Curel has given this same subject a superb handling in "La Nouvelle Idole," a splendid play which no American manager has yet had the enterprise to produce. But Mr. Walter's play is frank melo-drama, and to take it seriously—as certain newspaper reviewers have tried to do—would be highly absurd.

The least I can say for "The Knife" is that it is the most en-grossing melodrama of the season. More intensely gripping than "The Thirteenth Chair," it possesses in-finitely more variety. It may suffer

from the fact that the crime around which it centers is less pleasant even than murder, but it is on the sense of revulsion aroused by the worse crime that the play depends.

There are two defects in "The Knife." One is a non-dramatic and mushy prologue. If it were omitted altogether, I doubt if it would ever be missed, since all it contains is repeated in the exposition of Act I. But once we know that Dr. Man-ning's *fiancée* from rural Virginia is lost in New York and the quest of her begins, we find no time for slumber the rest of the evening.

The second act is ripping. Man-ning's friend Meredith, the attorney, and his Irish assistant, enter the den of "Second-Sight Jimmy" and his female companion, white slavers both, bind and gag them, rescue their dazed victim, learn how she has been wronged, extort a confession from Jimmy at the muzzle of an automatic, and carry off the miscreants to serve as laboratory material. Because of the necessity for the doctor to con-vince his friends of his scientific rights, there is a slight let-up in dramatic stress at the climax of this act. This is defect number two, but it's not worth worrying about.

In Act III everybody has to be extricated from the clutches of the blind and stupid law, as they are, just before the final curtain, when the audience heaves a sigh of relief.

The acting is uniformly excellent. Olive Wyndham plays a most diffi-cult emotional rôle with rare skill. Beatrice Beckley is admirable, in spite of her somewhat explosive in-tonation, as a physician. Lowell Sherman's impersonation of the lawyer is delightful. Cyrus Wood makes Second-Sight Jimmy a re-markable picture of hysteria. And Robert Edeson, as Dr. Manning, acts superbly throughout. Moreover, by the time this notice is printed he will have learned his lines.

When the drugged girl proves to have lost her memory, Dr. Meredith says she has "acute aphasia." May I respectfully suggest to the gifted Mr. Walter that all the real alienists of my acquaintance know the dif-ference between aphasia and am-nesia?

44TH STREET THEATRE. Robert B. Mantell in Shakespearian reper-toire.

AFTER all the flare last year, growing out of the Tercenten-ary Celebration it remained for Robert Mantell, during his recent engagement at the 44th Street Thea-tre, to be the first this season to

present Shakespeare as a Broadway attraction. He appeared in the more familiar features of his com-prehensive repertoire and pleased large audiences by the vigor and in-telligence of his interpretations. His Lear is distinctly his finest im-personation followed closely on by a broad, human rendering of Brutus and a virile, graphic exposition of Shylock.

REPUBLIC. "PETER IBBETSON." Play in four acts by John N. Raphael, dramatized from George du Maurier's novel. Produced on April 18th with this cast:

Peter Ibbetson	John Barrymore
Colonel Ibbetson	Lionel Barrymore
Major Duquesnois	Wallis Clarke
Mr. Lintot	Montague Weston
Raphael Merrydew	Leo Stark
Crockett	Eric Hudson
The Bishop	Alexander Loftus
Charlie Plunket	Cecil Clovelly
Achille Grigoux	Benjamin Kauser
The Prison Chaplain	Lowden Adams
Mary, Duchess of Towers,	Constance Collier
Mrs. Deane	Laura Hope Crews
Mrs. Glyn	Alice Wilson
Madge Plunket	Catherine Charlton
Lady Diana Vivash	Barbara Allen
Victorine	Martha Noel
A Sister of Charity	Nina Varesa
Mme. Seraskier	Ruano Bogislav
M. Pasquier de la Mariere,	Vernon Kelso
Mme. Pasquier de la Mariere,	Viva Burkitt
Gogo	Joseph Eagles
Mimsey Seraskier	Madge Evans

IT is not often that an offering of artistic content, seriously pur-posed, finds a place in the pro-grammes that mark the fag end of a theatrical season; yet this is the status at the Republic where John N. Raphael's really expert version of Du Maurier's novel "Peter Ibbet-son" is going strong. It is one of those happy conceptions that not only satisfy the intelligence but please and entertain as well.

"Peter Ibbetson" is a dream play, not as the films have it for over-coming time and space, but as a means to an end in determining the ideal platonic attachment between the protagonist and the Duchess of Towers and projecting the unhappy history of Peter before and after his murder of his unnatural, natural father. To note how effectually is accomplished this combination of the real and occult one should see the performance at the Republic, where imaginative skill, sound histri-onics and deft manipulations of stage mechanics all contribute to an effect of superior meaning and accomplish-ment.

There is literary quality to Mr. Raphael's dialogue and the revelation

of a true spiritual responsibility in the transcript of the novel to the stage.

In the title rôle John Barrymore proves himself one of the best of our younger actors. Instinct with poetical reserve, gracious humanity and deep feeling his Peter is a personation of rare beauty. Lionel, his brother, who returns to the speaking stage after a long absence, gives an equally brilliant and sustained picture of the vain, vicious Colonel. The scene between the brothers as father and son is an impressive dramatic moment.

Wallis Clarke invests with noble sincerity the amiable Duquesnois and Constance Collier brings out effectively the soulful wistfulness of the Duchess. Laura Hope Crews is sweetly gentle as Mrs. Deane. The whole cast is finely competent and the production quaintly appropriate in its contrasting beauty.

ASTOR. "HIS LITTLE WIDOWS." Comedy with music in three acts. Book and Lyrics by Rida Johnson Young and Wm. Cary Duncan; music by William Schroeder. Produced on April 30th with this cast:

Jack Grayson	Robert Keane
"Bif" Hale	Harry Tighe
"Pete" Lloyd	Carter DeHaven
Hotel Manager	Dwight Dana
Abijah Smith	Frank Lalor
Blanche Hale	Frances Cameron
Harry Jolson	Charles Prince
Sandy Barr	John Robb
Lucinda Lloyd	Julia Ralph
Annabelle Lloyd	Flora Parker
Murilla Lloyd	Hattie Burks
Officiating Elder	Wallace Camp

MARRYING your Mormon Uncle's eleven widows is rather a large order, but it is being done these days in musical comedy for a nominal consideration, viz., \$3,000,000. As I need not waste costly white paper to inform you, the matrimonial wholesaler is a most reluctant woman-hater, and, in addition to the ten "pretty" widows, there is one who lives up to the connotative sobriquet of "Cactus."

Naturally, after the ceremony has been performed we have "His Bridal Night" raised to the nth power. Carter DeHaven, as the reluctant husband, has to reluct all over the place. Once more that old reliable staple of comedy, polygamy—licit or illicit—proves its effectiveness as a source of osteocephalous cachinnation.

The truth is that "His Little Widows" is so-so. It would be better if people weren't always interrupting the plot to "sing." When they dance, it's not so bad. But the story of the

thing is its best ingredient. The lines are frequently bright, and the music tinkles, though without distinction.

Harry Tighe and Robert Emmett Keane help Mr. DeHaven with the funny stuff, and so, of course, does Frank Lalor, as a Mormon elder. Among the widows are Flora Parker and Hattie Burks as well as the Haley sisters, one of whom looks like Eddie Foy and sings in the same register with Marcel Journet. There is also a group of Latter Day Saints, ranging in height from three to seven feet. Frances Cameron is properly decorative as a musical comedy star. Most of the time she seems to think she is skating.

A certain amount of vulgarity seems inevitable in the polygamous comedy, and "His Little Widows" has its share. We should be grateful, however, for a musical piece devoid of dipsomania.

COMEDY. "GHOSTS." Play in three acts by Ibsen. Translated by William Archer. Revived on May 7th with this cast:

Mrs. Alving	Mary Shaw
Oswald Alving	Jose Ruben
Regina Engstrand	Margaret Mower
Jacob Engstrand	T. W. Gibson
Pastor Manders	Arthur E. Hohl

IT is always worth while to revive Ibsen's "Ghosts" if only to impress on playgoers the marvellous influence the bearded old Norseman's technic had on the dramatists of his age and on those that were to follow him.

For the last week of its highly interesting season at the Comedy the Washington Square Players presented this ghastly, powerful tragedy with the added aid of Mary Shaw who resumed her familiar rôle of Mrs. Alving. The wisdom of the revival was justified by the really wonderful impersonation which José Ruben gave of the "worm eaten" son, the horrible example of the biblical truth that the sins of the father shall be visited upon the children. In conception and execution it was a sickeningly truthful yet vividly impressive rendering he gave of the fate-pursued Oswald.

T. W. Gibson, albeit inclined to over accentuate his points was an excellent Jacob Engstrand. Margaret Mower was acceptable as Regina, but Arthur E. Hohl failed to convince as the long winded Parson Manders. Miss Shaw is a trained and expert actress but it did seem to me that she whined too much in one key and hardly rose to the supremacy of the tragic conclusion.

LYCEUM. "THE MAID MISTRESS." Comic opera in two acts by Giovanni Battista Pergolesi; English adaptation by Sydney Rosenfeld. "The Night Bell." Comic opera in one act by Donizetti; English adaptation by Sydney Rosenfeld. Presented on May 7th with the following players:

Doctor	David Bispham
Zerbina	Florence Easton-MacLennan
Scapin	Burgh Staller
Serafina	Lucy Gates
Rosa	Harriet Bellucci
Enrico	Albert Reiss
Spiridone	Carl Formes

I can think of no reason in the world why New York should not have a permanent Opera Comique, except that true comic opera lacks ragtime, hula-hula and lame-duck dancing, bare-legged coryphées, puerile puns in unlimited measure, ensemble numbers arranged by Ned Wayburn, and tinkling imitations of all the tinkling tunes of Tinpan Alley.

Just why "our beloved city" should have a permanent Opera Comique has been amply demonstrated by Albert Reiss and his Society of American Singers. By means of Pergolesi's "The Maid Mistress" and Donizetti's "The Night Bell" they have reminded us forcibly that one can listen to an evening of song and mirth—if the opportunity be given—without losing one's self-respect as a lover of either.

In "The Maid Mistress" David Bispham is the Molièresque Doctor Pandolfo who, like another Argan, is ruled by his pert and crafty maid. Florence Easton-MacLennan is the servant who lures her master to the hymeneal altar after a series of delightful solos and duets, to say nothing of an interpolated interlude from the same composer.

Mr. Bispham is also the apothecary bridegroom of the second piece, whose nuptial night is turned into a complete failure by a rejected suitor who in several disguises rings the night bell and keeps the pillsmith busy till dawn. Naughty-naughty—but quite amusing. The interpolation here is an aria from "Linda da Chamounix" for Miss Lucy Gates and her lovely voice.

Mr. Bispham is hard-working as a comedian and on the whole, successful. Mr. Reiss's light comedy is good, if a bit mastodomic. Mrs. Easton-MacLennan is vocally and histrionically most expert. All the others are eminently satisfactory—in particular Mr. Bodansky with the baton.

44TH STREET. "THE HIGHWAYMAN." Comic opera in three acts.

Music by Reginald De Koven. Revived on May 2nd with this cast:

Dick Fitzgerald	John Charles Thomas
Lady Constance Sinclair	Bianca Soroya
Sir Godfrey Beverly	Stanley Forde
Lady Pamela	Grace Fjorde
Lieutenant Rodney	Sam Ash
Foxy Quiller	Jefferson De Angelis
Dolly Primrose	Letty Yorke
Toby Winkle	Teddy Webb
Lieutenant Lovelace	Lawrence Cameron
Lord Phelim Kilkenny,	J. Sylvester Murray
Sir John Hawkhurst	Osborne Clemson
The Landlord	James Murry
The Constables	{ Harry Bulger, Jr. Will Montgomery A. Carbone H. Rollands
An Old Soldier	Richard Coombs

THE vitality and right to live of "The Highwayman" is abundantly proven by its prosperous revival eighteen years after its first production.

Perhaps the most entirely successful and popular American Opera ever written was "Robin Hood" from the same workshop as "The Highwayman," that of De Koven and Harry B. Smith. The opera with the forest robber and his jolly companions had one of those wonderful casts not often put together.

The opera now revived is an afterglow of the first one and a bit reminiscent of it. The story is not particularly well set forth, but the performance is vastly entertaining. Several features of this revival give the present production a superiority over the original.

John Charles Thomas, as Dick Fitzgerald, is a delight with his personal simplicity and the purity of his voice, remarkable also for its full control of expression. Bianca Soroya, as Lady Constance, a newcomer, proved attractive, handsome, a bit amateurish in acting perhaps, but, with her intelligence, on the road to distinction. Her soprano voice pleased. Jefferson de Angelis, as Foxy Quiller, got out of his farcical character, a burlesque of the detective who while he detects is always detected, as much as he or any audience could wish for or expect.

There was never a more active comedian on the stage than De Angelis. Whatever else is doing, whatever else has the attention of the moment De Angelis is doing his little bit in a contributory way. The Shuberts have done well in reviving "The Highwayman."

It is commonly thought that the lapse of a few years ages, beyond repair, any play or opera. As a matter of fact it does nothing of the kind with a supremely good piece of work in any art. The life of any play is impaired if carelessness is used in its making. The music of

this opera is delightful. Why should it perish or give less pleasure than it did eighteen years ago? Certainly the book is faulty. It could be subjected to revision. In a general way there have been no such changes of taste in comic opera to put "The Highwayman" out of date.

COMEDY. MORNINGSIDE PLAYERS. One-act plays. Presented on April 24th.

Little bands of brave students and experimental practitioners of the drama are springing up the land over. They are usually known as Players, after the manner of the successful Washington Square folk who, by some trick known only to themselves and the Indian fakirs, threw a rope, so to say, up in the air and have continued to climb skyward on it ever since.

The Morningside Players, housed for the occasion by the original dramatic endeavors, would appear to be a Columbia University band. Mary Shaw conducts their services at present. On April 24th and 25th they held two matinées. Of the four plays put on only one had anything of the professional touch about it. That one was "The Home of the Free," by Elmer Reizenstein on material suggested by F. T. Edwards, it having been handed down to Mr. Edwards from previous generations and will so be helped along in its persistence in loving. A young man, an advance thinker, loves a girl; father tries to dissuade him from marrying her, finally having to tell him that she is half sister; complaining to his mother she tells him not to mind, that he is not his father's son.

The Morningside Players no doubt will do better with their next bill and all future bills; they could not well do worse.

EDUCATIONAL ALLIANCE. The Educational Alliance is doing good work of the kind implied in its name on the East side. At frequent intervals plays are produced in the unpretentious but capacious theatre. In the very nature of collaborative effort and because of the intimate interest of audiences drawn from the neighborhood, there is zeal in the work.

That plays and players and writers are hardly yet professional in excellence does not detract from the merit and promise and effectiveness of what is done. These audiences are the true "high-brows" and shun the garish frivolities of Broadway.

The plays are usually serious. Symbolism is not absent; and at the last performance to be noted the woes of humanity were pressed home in a little play entitled, "Night." The outcasts gathered, nursed on some new hopes, only to be driven away by a noisy housewife with a broom and a pail of water. A sad world this, without much real hope in it.

Many of the plays are translations from the Yiddish. It is a useful work, impressive no doubt to its audiences, and out of it may yet come plays and players of note.

WINTER GARDEN. "THE PASSING SHOW OF 1917." Revue in two acts and twenty-one scenes. Dialogue and lyrics by Harold Atteridge. Music by Sigmund Romberg and Otto Motzan. Produced on April 26th with this cast:

Ruth Law	Marie Nordstrom
Policeman	Franklyn Batie
Father Knickerbocker	John T. Murray
The Soubrette	Effie Weston
First Principal	Donald Kerr
First Lady Principal	Wanda Lyon
Rosie	Rosie Quinn
Stage Manager	Zeke Colvan
Author	Henry Bergman
Miss Clark	Gladys Clark
Miss Rugel	Yvette Rugel
Chorus Girl	Irene Franklin
First Critic	George Schiller
Second Critic	John Crone
Musical Director	Burton Green
Two Sheep	Miller and Mack
Father	John Crone
Jester	Johnny Dooley
Mr. Uptown	Tom Lewis
Tush	De Wolf Hopper
Rubia	Jefferson De Angelis
	Charles (Chic) Sale

FOLLOWING the lead of its predecessors, the new Winter Garden spectacle, "The Passing Show of 1917," brings before the footlights a crowd of pretty girls, a wealth of beautiful costumes. But in spite of the strong appeal to the eye, there is something missing. Bluntly put, the show lacks originality.

De Wolf Hopper does all he can to impart artistry and dignity to the performance, and that is saying a good deal. This famous laughter maker is particularly amusing in his parody of "The Willow Tree." If Irene Franklin had more to do, the public would appreciate it, for she is certainly one of the cleverest among our younger actresses.

EMPIRE. "THE NEW WORD." Comedy in one act by J. M. Barrie. Presented on May 14th with this cast:

Mr. Torrance	Norman Trevor
Mrs. Torrance	Winifred Fraser
Roger	Gareth Hughes
Lucy	Betty Dainty

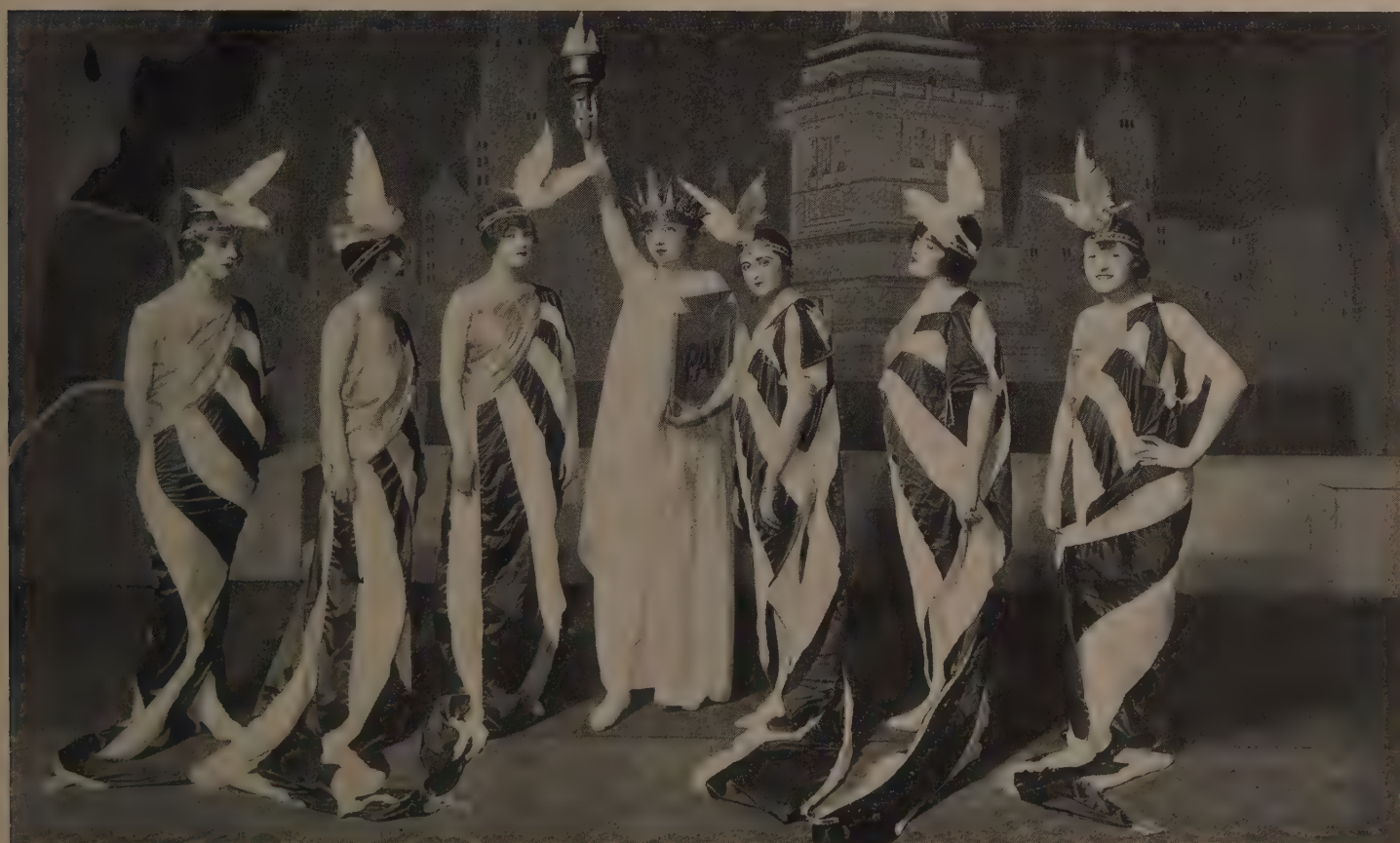
(Concluded on page 374)



Elsie Mackay and Sir Herbert Tree in "Colonel Newcome" recently at the New Amsterdam



John and Lionel Barrymore in "Peter Ibbetson" at the Republic



Photos White

The Liberty Number in "The Passing Show of 1917" at the Winter Garden

SIR HERBERT TREE, THE BARRYMORES, AND A NEW MUSICAL REVUE

RECOLLECTIONS OF A PLAYGOER

By BRANDER MATTHEWS

PART II.



IT is not difficult for me to declare that what I recall most certainly out of all Mary Anderson's poetic impersonations of poetic heroines is the grace and abandon of Perdita's entrancing dance with Florizel in the springtime of their young love. Clara Morris, a most unequal actress of rich native gift, hampered by lack of taste and by defects of early training, gave me a thrill of horror when I began to perceive in the heroine of "Article 47," the symptoms of incipient insanity which she managed somehow to convey to us all at that first performance by a slow working of her body to and fro while her eyes were set in a deadly stare.

From the repertory of Ludwig Barnay, the most gifted and accomplished German actor it has ever been my good fortune to know, I could not but single out the piercing look of inquiry with which Marc Antony sizes up the crowd in the Forum around Cæsar's body, to see whether it is time for him to play his trump card and to produce Cæsar's will. From the repertory of Mrs. Fiske I should take the nervous chill of "Tess of the D'Urbervilles" after she returns with the bloody knife in her hand.

From Agnes Booth I should have to give the whole of that long soliloquy in the "Engaged" of W. S. Gilbert, a soliloquy the delivery of which was punctuated by intermittent biting into the tart she was slowly devouring, a soliloquy so long that Mrs. Booth broke it into three and hid its extreme length from the audience who listened to it with the keenest enjoyment. And I may end by adding that to me at least nothing that Nat Goodwin ever did was truer in its simplicity, more unaffectively pathetic, than his final words as the curtain fell on the second act of "A Gold Mine": "Well, it was worth it!"



WHEN I seek to set by the side of these single effects of individual performers a corresponding list of performances in which every part was so appropriately played that the total impression was absolutely satisfying, I must begin by leaving out a dozen or a score of the representations of the Comédie-Française which I accept as impeccable beyond cavil. "Ruy Blas" with Mounet-Sully and Coquelin and Sarah Bernhardt, before her golden voice had been worn and before her manner had degenerated into mannerism—this is one of them; and another is the "Etrangère" with the splendor of its original cast, exceptionally splendid even for the Français.

Far less glittering in its individual impersonations and yet most admirable as a whole was "Julius Cæsar" by the Meiningen Company as I beheld it at Drury Lane in June, 1881, with Marc Antony impersonated by Barnay about whose perfect adaptation to the part there could be no dispute.

Of performances seen in America I am inclined to single out three. The first in point of time is the production of "Henry V" by Charles Calvert at Booth's Theatre with George Ringold as the young king and with all the host of character parts which gave variety to Shakespeare's loose-jointed and undramatic history vigorously individualized. The second, again in chronological order, is the "Taming of the Shrew" when

Hamilton Bell designed the costumes and when Daly's company was rich in comic actors of both sexes headed by the superb quartet whose team-play was unerring—Ada Rehan, John Drew, James Lewis and Mrs. Gilbert. And for the third and last I must choose the "Thunderbolt" as that was acted by the company of the New Theatre to be dissolved forever only a few months later. I doubt if our modern stage has seen any modern play more artistically performed than was Pinero's masterpiece under the direction of Winthrop Ames, or more harmoniously represented in all its quieter details as well as in all its intensely dramatic moments.

A performance like that of the "Thunderbolt"



Sarony

AUGUSTIN DALY

The most famous theatrical producer of his day, who had a managerial career of more than thirty years

at the New Theatre in 1911 reflects high credit upon the manager, who after all is the man ultimately responsible for it, since he has chosen the several members of the company and has selected also the stage-manager, the art-director and all the other junior officers whose combined efficiency makes possible a performance so perfect as this. None of the historians of dramatic literature in the past and few of the theatrical critics of the present have perceived the immense importance of the manager or have noted how few managers there have been in the theatres of Great Britain and the United States who have impressed their individualities upon the drama. The manager of recognized ability is far rarer than the actor or the dramatist of equal equipment; and actors and dramatists of high repute have failed dismally when they have undertaken theatrical management. David Garrick, successful as an actor and successful as a dramatist, was triumphantly successful as a manager, whereas Sheridan, who succeeded him in the control of Drury Lane, was lamentably unsuccessful. Edwin Booth built a theatre for himself in New

York and, from lack of business ability, he let it slip from his lax control.

On the other hand, Augustin Daly had a managerial career of more than thirty years, full of vicissitudes, no doubt, broken in the middle by failure, and yet filled with valiant effort, strongly individual, and incessantly interesting. I was a friendly spectator of the whole of Daly's managerial struggles, in at least four different playhouses in New York; and I chanced to witness certain of his ambitious forays into foreign countries. For instance, I was present at the Vaudeville Theatre in August, 1891, when he permitted the Parisians to gaze in amused amazement at "As You Like It," probably the first time that Shakespeare's comedy had ever been acted in English in the French capital. And I had previously been one of the friendly Americans in London in July, 1884, when he first introduced his company to the British public, an occasion on which I was unable to calculate the time-reaction of the Londoner toward an American joke. The piece was, as I seem to recall, "Seven-Twenty-Eight," or one of Daly's other free Americanizations of German farces, and as it was familiar to most of us American visitors to London, our laughs followed swift upon the utterance of every merry jest on the stage; then there would be a brief interval of silence; and finally the main body of the British audience apprehended the exotic joke and laughed in platoons.



DALY had his own views about everything and he insisted on carrying them out. He did not hesitate to rearrange Sheridan and Shakespeare to accord with his own whim. His taste was often at fault and his judgment was sometimes at sea; but no man ever lived who was more intensely absorbed by his special art. He lived in the theatre and for the theatre, and as a direct consequence of this, what he did in the theatre was unfailingly interesting, even when it was most wrong-headed. He had inexhaustible energy and boundless ambition. He hoped to make his theatre an American equivalent of the Théâtre Français, with a permanent company and a repertory of standard comedies in stock and always on hand. For several winters he had subscription Tuesdays at which the same audiences gathered week after week. He always sent me invitations for these performances; and he often also sent me a complimentary pass for the season, admitting me whenever I might care to drop in.

He liked to celebrate himself, or at least to celebrate the company of comedians whom he kept together year after year; and in 1887 he asked me to aid him in editing "A Portfolio of Players," to contain a score of photogravure portraits in character of his leading performers, for which Hutton and Bunner, William Winter, E. A. Dithmar and I prepared vignettes of appreciation and for which Bunner rhymed a witty epistle to "A Playgoer of the Twentieth Century," a copy of verses appropriately serving as an epilogue. In the course of our meetings to arrange this volume Daly said to Hutton suddenly: "How is it that I haven't seen you at the theatre lately?" Hutton explained that he had

married and that he found it therefore more expensive to go to the play. "But didn't I send you a season ticket?" Daly inquired. "Yes," Hutton responded, "but I'd pay for four seats any time, rather than face your father-in-law with a pass in my hand."

Daly laughed, for he knew John Duff's de-
testation of all deadheads; and that was perhaps
the reason why he had stationed his father-in-
law by the side of the ticket-taker. The story
is told that a lively little man once asked for a
pass and was referred to Duff, whose huge bulk
towered on the top of the steps behind the rail-
ing. "Mr. Duff, do you pass the profession?"
was the lively little man's question. To this
Duff responded with another query, "And what
might be your connection with the profession?"
Whereupon the lively little man proclaimed him-
self to be "the lightning ticket-seller down to
Barnum's circus!" Duff looked down on him
and then pointed to the box-office, saying, "Then
let me see how quick you can buy 'one!'"

I was a witness also of the managerial career
of A. M. Palmer, who resigned the librarianship
of the Mercantile Library to take charge of the
Union Square Theatre, going on later to the
Madison Square and finally to Wallack's. And I
observed with an even acuter interest the rise of
Harrigan and Hart, who came forward first with
a song-and-dance at the Theatre Comique and
who slowly and steadily broadened the scope of
their little act, until the "Mulligan Guards'
Parade" was in due season succeeded by the
"Squatter Sovereignty," which survives in my
memory as Harrigan's best play, the one in which
he most satisfactorily revealed the possibilities
of the special kind of piece he had devised in
the course of years of experiment. He recruited
his company from the variety-shows, from the
performers who were accustomed to present fixed
types, the stock Irishman, the stock German, the
stock Chinaman, the stock Negro. Then he called
upon these actors of limited range to bring out
more sharply the differences in character which
exist within the stock-type. Harrigan not only
had a keen eye for character, as he had studied it
in the tenement house neighborhoods, he was also
a most skilful stage-manager; and no one who
ever saw the separate entrances of the clan
Murphy and of the clan MacIntyre in "Squatter
Sovereignty" can forget the delicate discrimina-
tion of these two groups of Americanized
Hibernians.

Here was acting of a delightful kind within its

rigid limitations and it won high commendation
from Howells, among other critics; and this
hugely disgusted John Gilbert, who once ex-
pressed to me the surprise of a highly trained
actor that these variety-show impersonations of



© Dupont

The elder Coquelin as Cyrano

rigid types should be so warmly praised for their
restricted art. Coquelin was more open-minded;
and when I took him in 1888, on his first visit
to America, to see Harrigan in "Waddy Googan,"
he appreciated the special quality of the play and
of the performance saying that it had a flavor
all its own: "*c'est quelque chose de très-
particulier.*"

In the last thirty years of the nineteenth
century the most prominent actor-manager in
Great Britain was Henry Irving; and in my
successive visits to London and in his successive
visits to New York I was enabled to see him
repeatedly in all his prominent parts. He had
a compelling personality as an actor and noth-
ing that he did was negligible. He had the
grand style, in spite of the mannerisms of his

walk and of his utterance. He used his taste,
his skill, his inventiveness as a stage-manager to
set off his achievement as an actor and to supple-
ment and even on occasion to disguise his
histrionic limitations.

He was large-minded and liberal, as he proved
when he invited Booth to join him at the Lyceum
and to alternate with him as Othello and Iago.
This was truly generous since Irving was pros-
perous at the time and Booth's London engage-
ment had been unsuccessful. It was perhaps even
more generous than Irving himself suspected,
because Booth was a tragedian who could rise to
Othello although he was perhaps even more
effective in the character-part of Iago, whereas
Irving was essentially a performer of character-
parts and lacked the massiveness and the sweep
which tragedy demands. To my great regret I
did not arrive in London that summer until after
the twin-stars had ceased to shine simultaneously.
But from a friend in the Lyceum company I
heard how Irving had deferred in every way to
Booth, only to discover that the American actor
was only too glad to let his British friend carry
all the burden of stage-management. Irving him-
self set so much store by meticulous exactness
in detail that he was perturbed to find that Booth
felt himself to be wholly independent of its
assistance; and he did not quite understand
Booth's attitude of relying entirely upon his sheer
power as an actor.

When Irving paid his first visit to America
we made him a Kinsman, and with his usual
liberality he immediately presented to every other
Kinsman a "bone" for the Lyceum in London—
an engraved ivory token admitting any one of
us at any time to his theatre. At one Kinsman
supper in April, 1884, I had the good luck to be
seated between Booth and Irving; it was grateful
to observe the cordiality of their friendship, in
spite of the fact that they were necessarily pro-
fessionally rivals. When they fell to discussing
the great actors of the past, I sat silent, listening
to each in turn; and I watched to see whether
either of them had really read up the history of
his own art, something which artists rarely do,
contenting themselves with the practise of it. I
soon saw that Booth's filial devotion to his father
had led him to learn all he could about his
father's rivals, especially the foremost of them
all, Edmund Kean, and that he had therefore
been lured into wider reading about the
Kembles.

(To be concluded in the July issue)



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ADA REHAN



Collection Chas. Burnham

HENRY IRVING

Taken previous to his first visit to America



Sorony

MARY ANDERSON

THE BUSINESS OF BEING A PRESS AGENT

By A. TOXEN WORM



WHAT is a Press Agent? A press agent is a person engaged by a manager to excite interest in a theatrical production and so make people buy seats for the play. That is the definition of the term "press agent" reduced to its simplest form.

In my business as press agent I have handled about four hundred productions, among them such stars as Blanche Bates, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, Forbes-Robertson, Fay Templeton, Sothorn and Marlowe, Nazimova, Maxine Elliott, Al Jolson, Sam Bernard, Lew Fields, as well as the great foreign actresses, Mme. Réjane, Mme. Duse and Sarah Bernhardt. Then too, I have had the opportunity of doing the publicity for the three largest playhouses in the world, the New York Hippodrome, the New Theatre, now the Century, and the Winter Garden, and all these enterprises under only four managements!

A successful press agent is a psychologist! And the qualifications do not end there—in fact, they merely begin with the human element. Imagination, system, memory are indispensable essentials to success in the work of heralding a show. Without imagination the press agent is a mere echo; without memory he has no vision; without system he is inefficient—and lastly, but by no means least, a quality of skill of less importance is an ear attuned to the jingling coin of the box office for the measure of the hopper is the acid test of results.

Yesterday the press agent was little less than a literary trickster, a skilful juggler of hoaxes, "plants" and schemes for publicity; to-day his profession is the third estate of the stage—play-wrighting and play-acting—taking first and second rank.

Let us draw from the experience of a press agent by way of illustration—take a case in psychology, knowing another's mind and drawing conclusions therefrom. Assume that nothing is impossible.



A FEW years ago Mrs. Patrick Campbell was playing an engagement at a Forty-second Street theatre. She was receiving considerable attention from the dramatic reviewers, but something more was wanted, some big human note that would reach those who did not read the theatrical columns with regularity. So I made Mrs. Campbell a nervous wreck! Rather a startling statement, but that was exactly what happened. By a word here and there it was conveyed to the lady that she was undergoing a frightful nervous strain by playing in repertoire, and all the while we waited for a big expression which would be the basis. One night Mrs. Campbell complained to several people that the street noises coming through the alley leading to the theatre irritated her—and her very unconscious remark gave me the idea I had been working for. Two hours later we had a coating of tan-bark on Forty-second Street! The street cleaning department took the tan-bark away early the following morning but the psychology of the mind of the press department over that of the star in question had resulted in a first page news story of Mrs. Patrick Campbell's nervousness that was quoted all over the country. Was this a trick—perhaps, and perhaps not—just a literal treatment of a condition of mind!

Imagination is the chief asset of the publicist! The man with the keenest imagination does the

best work, and the man with the best imagination knows that he must go outside of the theatre to find the idea that will bring people to see the play. The reason for this is that there have been so many untruths told about the theatre that unless theatrical publicity tends towards the everyday incidents of life the newspapers are loath to print the story and the public sceptical to believe.

On the way out of New York with the all star "Romeo and Juliet" company headed by Eleanor Robson (now Mrs. August Belmont) and Kyrle Bellew, I picked up a paper and scanning its columns wondered if there was any chance for my getting a story that would have nation-wide value for the organization. My imagination was in a highly receptive mood, and when I read the name of Professor Oscar Triggs, I dropped the paper and pondered on how I could use the man. Professor Triggs was the head of one of the departments of the University of Chicago, and had made considerable reputation for himself through his attacks on literary men.



AFTER a few minutes I conceived my plan. I wired Professor Triggs, offered him a salary of \$500 a week to go ahead of the organization as advance agent, his work to be mostly letters and articles on Shakespeare and particularly "Romeo and Juliet." I told him to let me have an answer the following morning at the theatre in Chicago. It was there, and it was an acceptance! I immediately gave the story of the college professor—advance agent to the press and it was copied throughout the country as a news item regarding a man in the public eye.

The next day I had a wire from the New York office congratulating me on a good news story but asking what about the \$500 a week salary. That had already been thought out. I went to Professor Triggs, talked with him at length, and then asked him when he would be ready to start work. In three weeks time! I told him that I could not wait as long as twenty-four hours—so the bargain was called off—and we got another story. Tricks? No, we would have made good if he had.

There was a law suit as the result of my imagination. One of the papers wrote an editorial scoring Professor Triggs for "falling" for my scheme, and he sued for damages. All he got was six cents—and naturally it was not until after the suit that the publicity stopped. So much for a little imagination!

The need of system in a press representative's work is the same need of system that can be applied to any man's business, or any woman's home. The best example of this from the angle of the press representative is that of newspaper publicity. All Saturday and Sunday papers carry special theatrical news. This is written in advance, and the papers request that it be in their hands not later than Tuesday afternoon. The man with system gets it there on time—and he never has to make any excuses to his managers for scanty notices.

Memory, the third great requisite, is necessary in cases of haste. Frequently a press representative will get news late in the afternoon that an actor or actress is to join a company. He is supposed to get that news into the morning papers. Unless he knows something of the player's private life and stage experience the notice is not

satisfactory. Back in his memory he must have his data filed away for the occasion.

One condition not realized by all press representatives, is the importance of making their work *constructive*, rather than *destructive*. Never publish the story of an accident nor an understudy. Recently a man who worked at the Winter Garden told of one of the most beautiful girls being taken to a hospital for an operation for appendicitis. Two of the papers published the story—and we discharged the man. A few months ago the morning papers carried extensive notices of a leading woman who broke her arm and was forced to leave the company. Anyone should be able to see the effect of such a story as there are always plenty of people who go to the theatre because they are only interested in the work of a certain member of the company. The press man who got so much publicity should have been given his notice for hurting the show.

I think, that the greatest trial of the press representative is with those of the profession who have risen to the more enviable places. Stars have the greatest habit of forgetting to keep their appointments, especially if the engagement is with a photographer or interviewer. I think that after years of disappointment I have discovered the reason. They are afraid of the photographer for fear that the picture will not be flattering enough to suit their vanity, and their fear of the interviewer is because they are afraid of their ability to talk. The press agent must use subtle flattery in such cases, and often result to a little bullying at the psychological moment.

It is with the young people that the press representative has his greatest trouble, "The Love o' Mike" company for example. All this company are talented, but many of them are so young at their profession that they are scarcely out of the amateur class, and each individually believes that he or she should receive all the credit for the play's success.

The true success of a press representative, however, is not to be gauged by his ability to send clippings to the daily papers, not to quiet young stars. It is the big sensational things which can be done in such a simple manner that they appear natural, that truly count.



ONE of the most interesting "stunts" that I ever accomplished was sending the sandwich men through the city of London. By "the city" is meant the very centre of the great metropolis, and it is a place of narrow crowded streets. The law says sandwich men may not parade the streets, because the sidewalks are too narrow.

It was when Mr. Sothorn and Miss Marlowe were playing in London. A score or more sandwich men were engaged and put on top of five motor busses. We started out, and were soon stopped at every corner. I explained to each policeman that we were not breaking the law, but one of them finally arrested us, and we were taken to the police station. I explained the situation to the magistrate, told him that I had hired the busses because I knew the men were not allowed to walk, and took the point that I was being unfairly treated. The magistrate understood, asked me not to repeat the offense, and we were all discharged. Naturally there were no more sandwich men, for I had gained my publicity.

Another incident of (Concluded on page 372)



Underwood & Underwood

MAXINE ELLIOTT

The prominent beauty of the stage who is now lending her talents to the screen. She is to appear shortly in a Goldwyn picture



Goldberg

ELSE ALDER

The prima donna of "Miss Springtime," herself an expert cook, delights in teaching her fellow actresses the mysteries of the culinary art



DORIS KENYON

The well-known movie star in her Overland roadster, in which she has just made a 237 mile trip



(Left)

EDWARD MASSEY

A Harvard student who made his debut as dramatist recently with "Plots and Playwrights," the hit of the Washington Square Players' last bill

(Right)

QUEENIE SMITH

Solo danseuse at the Metropolitan Opera House. Her grace and charm have made her stand forth prominently in the Opera ballet



Mishkin

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN DRAMA



AN interesting experiment was begun at the Garden Theatre on April 5th, when Mrs. Norman Hapgood presented a group of plays of Negro life by Ridgeley Torrence.



© Merriman
RIDGELEY TORRENCE
Author of "The Rider of Dreams"

Negro character has been presented on the American stage in a caricatured form, or as an excuse for offering plantation melodies. The three one-act plays presented at the Garden were a serious effort to depict the deeper phases of negro life and character. The service Lady Gregory performed for art and Ireland, by means of the Irish Players, Mrs. Hapgood has undertaken for the negroes.

Mr. Torrence portrays convincingly a negro idealist in "The Rider of Dreams," the superstitious African in "Granny Maumee," and a son of Ethiopia of deeply religious nature in "Simon the Cyrenian." The cast was wholly negro, as was the incidental music. The presentation commends itself to respectful attention because of the sincerity of the purpose and the dramatic and literary value of the plays.

Mr. Torrence who was born in Xenia, Ohio, and was graduated from Princeton University, was once a librarian of the Astor and Lenox libraries. He is a lyric poet of distinction. In his boyhood he knew well the negro quarter of his Ohio town, and acquired a sympathetic knowledge of the negro.

Most poetic and appealing of the trio of plays is "The Rider of Dreams,"* an excerpt from which follows:

The scene shows a room used for kitchen, dining room and laundry by a colored family. Lucy Sparrow, a worn, sweet-faced woman of forty, is standing at one of the tubs with her back turned to the table beside which on a high stool is perched a small boy, Booker Sparrow.

LUCY: Who made you?

BOOKER: God. Isn't the mush done now?

LUCY: Hit's done but I ain' done wif you. You got to learn good befo' you can eat good. Who redeem you?

BOOKER: Christ. I'll stop being hungry for it if I don't get it now.

LUCY: Bettah lose yo' wishes an' yo' ahms an' laigs an' everything yo' body's fix wif an' keep yo' emorul soul. Who sanctify you?

BOOKER: The Holy Ghost. I don't want nothing but mush.

LUCY: Well, yo' ain' goin' to get hit twell yo' luhns de questiums. What de chief en' of man?

BOOKER: The chief end of man is to glorify God and enjoy himself for ever.

LUCY (*coming swiftly forward and confronting him with a threatening look*): Enjoy hisself! I ain' nevah teach you dat. You know bettah'n dat. Man got no right to enjoy hisself. He got to enjoy Gawd. You knows dat as well as you knows eatin'. An' you got to say it an' what's mo' you got to live it. Now what de chief en' of man?

BOOKER: Enjoy God forever.

LUCY: Dat's mo' like it. (*She turns her back and going to the tubs resumes her labors still talking.*) I'm raisin' you to go' de Kingdom an' you're goin' in de Kingdom if pushin' 'll lan' you

dere. Because dis time anuthah yeah you may be in some lonesome graveyard. (*Singing.*)

In some lonesome graveyard,
Oh, Lord, no time to pray.

(*As she sings Booker stealthily slips off his stool and going around the opposite side of the table selects a spoon with which he approaches a dish set upon a warming shelf fixed to the stove. He furtively dips his spoon in the dish and begins to eat. Lucy continuing her singing.*)

Play on yo' harp, little David,
Little Davy, how ole are you?
"I'm only twelve years old."

(*She turns and discovers Booker.*) What! You stealin'! I'll show you! (*She gives him a cuff and shake, depositing him again upon his stool.*) You shorely is on de way to do fiah but I'm gwine pluck you out if it skins you alive. Steal, will you? What de sevenf commandment?

BOOKER (*sniveling*): Thou shalt not steal.

LUCY: See dat. You knows it but you des won't live it. Well, I'm gwine live hit into you. I'm gwine slap sin out of you. (*She gives him another shake.*) En de grace into you. Now you say dat commandment sevumty times sevun. Begin. Say hit.

BOOKER: Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not steal—

(*The door at back opens and Madison Sparrow stands in the doorway looking on the scene within the room. He is a tall, loose-jointed, lazy-looking man with a shifty eye. In one hand he carries a gunnysack.*)

The huge, blundering, lazy negro seeks to lead the life of ease which his dreams have depicted, but finds everything he wants tangled up with moral and religious restrictions. His character is admirably drawn in the following scene with his wife:

LUCY: What you bin wukin' at dis yeah, Madison?

MADISON: Dat's it. You know dat I'm bin lookin' foh hit and couldn't find hit.

LUCY: What you wuk at last yeah?

MADISON: You knows I wuk in de strippin' factory.

LUCY: Jes' two weeks.

MADISON: You knows I wuk till I strain my back. But nevah min' about all dat. I done tuhn ovah a new leaf. I goin' to be a business man. I goin' to let the othah man wuk.

LUCY: 'Sposin' everybody was to do dat away.

MADISON: Let 'em do hit. I don't ask nothin' of nobody. I goin' to have every toof in my haid covahed wif gol'. I'll get you'n en Book's fix dat way too. I goin' to have plenty society grub in me all de time. I ain' goin' to let my fam'ly suffah. I got too sweet a disposishun fo' dat. I'll get 'em whatevah I want.

BOOKER (*lingering in doorway*): When you get rich will you get the guitar, Daddy? (*Lucy waves Booker through doorway. He vanishes.*)

MADISON: I'll git it an' I got it. Watch me now. (*He goes over to the sack by the door and reaching in produces a guitar.*) Dat's de beginnin' er good times, boy.

LUCY (*with sickening apprehension*): Madison, where you get dis insterment?

MADISON: Dat's de Lawd's insterment, Lucy. He done pervide it.

LUCY: Oh, Madison, dat ain' our'n.

MADISON: It is now, Honey.

LUCY: No, youah las' dime you spent Sunday an' I ain' give you no money since. You charged it.

MADISON: Yassah, I charged it an' I goin' to keep on a-chargin' it as long as de chargin's good.

LUCY: How you like to be treat dat way?

MADISON: What way?

LUCY: If you wuz keepin' store, to have folks charge things when they couldn't pay for them.

MADISON: I'm willin' fer to be treat dat way ef dey can do hit. I says to everybody, 'What's mine's youahs—ef you can git it an' what's youah's is mine ef I kin git hit an' I'm a-goin' ter try mighty ha'd to git hit.'

LUCY (*breaking down*): Oh, I cain' stan' hit. Youah sinkin' fas' down to de fiery lake an' youah's pullin' my Babe um down too.

MADISON: No, I's raisin' him up an' I goin' to lan' we all in a sof' place on dat Easy Street I heah um singin' 'bout so long wifout seein'.

LUCY: Wheah yo' git dis guitar?

MADISON: What guitar?

LUCY: Oh, Madison, dis is Doctah Williams' own guitar. Dis is the guitar dat nobody couldn't buy. Oh, take it back dis minute an' snatch yo' soul from de bu'nin'.

MADISON: Who, me? What yo' tak me fo', gal? Give back a guitar to de rich man, de man what own de very house we live in!

LUCY: Well, we soon will buy hit.

MADISON: Dat's right. We will. But dat ain' de questium. I didn' lif' dis guitar fer to return it. I lif' it fer to play it. I boun' to play it cause I'm goin' to be er rich man soon an' I got to have a plenty music in me.

LUCY: Yo' goin' to git rich playing guitars.

MADISON (*laughing comfortably*): Eh, Yah, yah, whopee! No indeedy. I flies higher dan music flies. I'm one er dese heah kine of 'lec-



Photo Goldberg

OPAL COOPER

As Madison in "The Rider of Dreams"

*"The Rider of Dreams," Copyright, Ridgeley Torrence.



From a portrait, copyright, Ira L. Hill

H E L E N W A R E

New Yorkers were glad to welcome this favorite actress back to the local stage as Mrs. Carstairs, the adventuress, in Frank Mandel's comedy, "Bosom Friends" at the Liberty

ioneerin' mens which make dere money work fer um. Dey sen's one dollah out in de heat an' sweats her twell she rolls home, wif anuthah.

LUCY: Yo' ain' nevah put yo' trus' in Gawd.

MADISON: Yassuh, I did, an' Gawd He up an' gimme de go-by too. What He bin doin' fer me? Nuthin'. Now I goin' spit on my han's an' whu'l in an trus' myse'f. An' I feels lots bettah. I can feel conference wukin' all ovah me. I casts 'em all off. I'm lookin' out fer myse'f. M-m-m— It took me long time to git here but now I'm heah let 'em look out. (*His voice rises to a chant.*) Midnight on de sea. All de lights out. I'm carryin' hod on Jacob's laddeh to build me a new house an' I'm buildin' it high, man. Don't tech me. I'm a flame of fiah an' I'll singe you sho'. If dey asks for me tell 'em say 'I saw somethin' sailin' up but he was headin' for a high hill on de sun an' my eyes failed me. Tell 'em say 'he had de fo' win's runnin' like stallions to fetch' up wif him but dey carried um out, an' buried um in de valley. He bus' dere hea'ts. Tell um say 'he was heardin' lightnin's like sheep an' dey wuz too slow an' he picked um up an' sheared um an' sont um home. Dat's me, I'm de one you'll ne talkin' bout. Fer why? Cause I cas' off everythin' an' I put my trus' in myself an' nuthin' cain' hole me. De mo' I says hit de mo' I feels conference. I feels it wukin'.

LUCY: You goin' to wuk, Madison.

MADISON: Yas, indeedy. I got to wuk an' wuk ha'd. I can' shirk none.

LUCY: What wuk you goin' to do?

MADISON: I'm a real estate man. I goin' into de real estate business to-morrer.

LUCY: How?

MADISON: Buyin' an' sellin', dat's how an' which too.

LUCY: De Devil's wrastlin' wif you, Madison, an' you's perishin' fas'. Ef you keeps on in dis paf you'll lan' mongs' de rocks er mournin'. You's let somebody tu'n you roun'.

MADISON: Not me. Nobody cain' tu'n me roun'. I dreamed hit an' I dreamed hit right, face fo'mos' an' on de run.

LUCY: How dream?

MADISON: Las' night an' day befo' yistiddy night an' night befo' dat. I wuz layin' groanin' "O Lawd how long" an' I heah a voice say, "Git up an' come a'runnin'." Looks up an' sees a fine w'ite saddle hoss. Hoss say, "Ride me right an' I'll guide you right." On I gits an' off he goes, slick as a rancid transom car. Comes to high hill lookin' down on de sun an' moon. Hoss stop an' say,

"Grung you heah to give you noos
De worl' is yo'rn to pick an' choose."

I ax him "How dat?" Hoss say:

"How is how an' why is why,
Buy low an' sell high."

I say to him, "I got no money to buy. Wheah I goin' git de fun's to buy low?" Hoss respon':

"Trus' you'se'f an' take yo' own,
Git de meat an' leave de bone,
But' de nut an' fling em de shell,
Ride an' let em walk a spell,
Finde's keepe's, lose's weepe's,
I hope these few lines find you well.

I ax him who tole him all dis an' hoss say:

"Ole hoss Grab will nevah balk,
All dish heah is w'ite man talk."

Dat what de hoss say to me in my true dream ev'y night dis week an' I'm a-goin' to bide by hit twell de las' er pea time. 'Cause I'm er true dreameh an' my mammy she wuz befo' me.

LUCY: What come of de hoss in de dream, Madison?

MADISON: Dat's all. Hoss went up in smoke an' I come down in bed.

The New York critics were almost unanimous in there praise of both the plays and the actors. Louis Sherwin wrote in the *Globe*:

"We have prated patronizingly about the negro. Many people have called attention to those of his characteristics most essential to artistic talent, his humor, his pathos, his vivacity and intensity. Not that every colored man is a potential Coquelin. But there is in the race a lack of self-consciousness that gives them a greater natural aptitude for acting and various forms of song. They have a peculiar idiom in their speech and their music, peculiar characteristics that should make them especially fertile subjects for American dramatic art.

"Broadway has, of course, overlooked these possibilities. It has given us in vaudeville a bastard form of negro humor. Many authors have introduced occasional negro characters of a purely conventional, servile type. To all suggestions that real pictures of contemporary negro life and people should be shown on the stage, the cautious theatrical manager has been either hostile or indifferent from prejudice or timidity. Not until Ridgely Torrence's vivid and poetic 'Granny Maumee' was done by the Stage Society a couple of years ago was any attempt made in this direction."

ERNEST BLOCH — A MUSICAL PROPHET



WHILE commercial music is being composed by thousands of men and women, some of them trained musicians, others merely "one finger pianists" (those who beat out their melodies falteringly with a single finger at the piano and leave to more skilled hands the commercial arrangements), now and then a composer thrusts aside all temptations of immediate fame of financial returns and writes just as he feels. One of these rare persons is Ernest Bloch, a Swiss composer who has been living in New York since last October. Quiet, retiring in disposition, small of stature but with certain sturdy qualities in his make-up, he has been seen occasionally at the Metropolitan Opera House and at concerts in New York. He talks little of himself, but somehow his works have made enthusiastic friends. Probably it is because his music is individual, and not of any particular school, yet at the same time scholarly and serious, that many prominent musicians are talking of his works here in America, though he is not a great celebrity in Europe.

It is his aim to write music as characteristic of the Jews, as that of Debussy is French; of Verdi, Italian; of Moussorgsky, Russian, and of Wagner, German. Here is his own statement of his artistic musical creed:

"It is not my purpose, not my desire to attempt a reconstitution of Jewish music, or to base my work on melodies more or less authentic. I am not an archæologist. I hold it of first importance to write good genuine music, MY music. It is the Jewish soul that interests me, the complex glowing agitated soul, that I feel vibrating throughout the Bible; the freshness and naïveté of the Patriarchs; the violence that is evident in the prophetic books; the Jew's savage love of justice; the despair of the Preacher in Jerusalem; the sorrow and the immensity of the Book of Job; the sensuality of the Song of Songs.

"All this is in us; all this is in me, and it is the better part of me. It is all this that I endeavor to hear in myself and to transcribe in my music; the venerable emotion of the race that slumbers away down in our soul."



Ira L. Hill

ERNEST BLOCH

The Swiss composer, now in New York, who has interpreted the Jewish soul in music

It is this spirit that pervades his Jewish Cycle presented under the auspices of the Society of the Friends of Music in Carnegie Hall, New York, on the third of May with Artur Bodansky and the composer conducting. The Cycle contains Three Jewish Poems, which were played by the Boston Symphony Orchestra in March, Psalms, 114, 137 and 22, a Hebraic Rhapsody, "Solomon" and a symphony, "Israel." When the

war is over, Bodansky hopes to take Mr. Bloch's music all over Europe.

Ernest Bloch was brought to this country last fall to conduct the orchestra of Maude Allan, the dancer. Once he appeared with her in New York, presenting one of his shorter orchestral compositions between dances. A little later the Flonzaley Quartet played one of his latest works, a quartet in B major which like the Cycle is decidedly Hebraic in spirit, though not Oriental in its themes or harmonization. His music is very modern, very unconventional, but not incoherent as is that of many so-called "futurist" composers. To comprehend all of its depth requires study, as does the music of all the pioneers of music, but its strength and sincerity are readily comprehended.

Mr. Bloch is thirty-six years old. Though he had several distinguished teachers early in life, he has had to struggle incessantly to get recognition in Europe. An early symphony was passed from conductor to conductor without attracting enough attention to get a good hearing. But in 1910 his opera, "Macbeth," based on Shakespeare's play (written in 1904) was accepted by the Opéra Comique in Paris where it was sung fourteen times.

Speaking of the first movement of his B major quartet Mr. Bloch said: "I ask my friends when they play it to think of the Bible, the ardor of the Psalms and the hot pulsating blood of the Orient. I ask them to think of those poor devils whom one meets at times in the streets or along country roads, with long beards, dirty, sad, despairing, and yet holding fast to some obscure glimmering hope while they mutter their Hebrew prayers.

"A work of art," he has said, "is the soul of a race speaking through the voice of the prophet in whom it has become incarnate." He is the greatest musical prophet of the Jews to-day.



Photo Byron

Into Augustus Thomas's imposing home which is one of the subjects at which sightseers halt in New Rochelle, N. Y., are built memories and royalties of his "Arizona" and "Alabama"



In grateful memory of "The Squaw Man's" three years of success, Edwin Milton Royle, its author, gave to his permanent home near Darien, Conn., the misleading name, "The Wickiup"



The profits of "Turn to the Right," of "The Boomerang," and "The Fortune Hunter," are bricks by which Winchell Smith built his spacious and hospitable country home at Farmington, Conn.



At Bedford Hills, N. Y., is the estate "Whitewood," which Rupert Hughes purchased with the proceeds of his phenomenally successful farce, "Excuse Me," and the motion picture play, "Gloria"



The profits from her earlier plays, "The Lottery Man," and "The Boys of Company B," Rida Johnson Young expended for her model summer home at Bellhaven, N. Y.



Playwrights, as grateful as actors are said to be ungrateful, give to their homes the names of their most successful plays. George Hobart's fine estate near Greenwich, Conn., he calls "'Xperience Court"



Photo White

"The Parsonage" is the name by which Channing Pollock christened his country home at Shoreham, L. I. His house and yacht represent the profits of "The Perfect Lady" and "The Beauty Doctor"



"Pinegarth," a commodious home of rustic design to accord with the wooded background of Shoreham, L. I., is the tangible result of Marion Fairfax's plays, "The Chaperone," and "The Talker"

HOUSES THAT ROYALTIES BUILT

ACTRESSES WHO WRITE PLAYS

By HELEN TEN BROECK



WHEN some future D'Israeli shall write for a future posterity the "Curiosities of the Drama," he dare not fail to record the fact that for the first time in the history of the stage two dramatists of the sex feminine were starring in plays of their own writing, in adjoining theatres in New York at the time of America's entrance into the great war, in 1917.

The two elect ladies thus handed down along the ringing Hall of Fame, are, as, of course, you know, Miss Maude Fulton, who is playing the name part in "The Brat" at the Harris Theatre, while her next-door neighbor at the Eltinge, is Miss Jane Cowl, who is illuming with a lambent art her own play of Springtime and struggle, "Lilac Time."

"What a ghastly thing it will be for the professional playwrights if all the clever girls on our stage discover how easy it seems to be for actresses to write their own masterpieces," I said, having captured both these pioneers in the dual field together.

Miss Cowl, who is married, looked undisturbed.

"Ah, but they can still write plays for men," she replied in a tone that implied so many things I shall never dare try to set them down in cold print.

"And if they feel that they have to go to war, they needn't worry over the fate of the native drama," slyly added Miss Fulton.

"Which do you regard as the higher art," I interpolated, fearful of what might come next to shatter my admiring faith in Augustus Thomas and Eugene Walter and Rennold Wolf and Willard Mack. "Which do you regard, as the higher art—play writing or play acting?"

Both ladies were silent for a moment; each, evidently quite willing to listen to an opinion from the other.

"Well," said Miss Fulton, after a painful pause, "they are so different, you know. Personally I consider it far more difficult to act a part than to write it. The dramatist escapes stage fright, you know, for one thing, and that is the most harrowing experience that life hands out to any actress."

"Of course it is more difficult to write a piece for another than for oneself," suggested Miss Cowl, "and that is where the actress who plays in her own piece, has rather an advantage. One can realize the rôle exactly as it formed itself in one's mind as a dramatist. Many playwrights have told me that they had never seen their characters on the stage, as they visualized them in the creative silences of their own study."

"Zowie!" ejaculated Miss Fulton, in the gorgeous squeak achieved for the first time on the stage in "The Brat." "I have written more than a thousand heroines—in my mind, you know, only in my mind—but I never have been able to come within miles of breathing life into them when I try—still in my mind—to act one after another of the elusive ladies."

Another of those pauses.

"But then," continued Miss Fulton, more cheerfully, "I am only a dancer, really; not a

regular actress. I hate to say so in her very presence, but Miss Cowl is my favorite actress; I adore her work, and if I could bring the wonderful gift to a part that she sets aglowing through every rôle she acts, I might have a different attitude toward the stage."

Miss Cowl looked troubled.

"I am afraid you think I rather fancy myself as an interpreter of my own heroines," she demurred. "That isn't at all what I mean to express. On the contrary, my idea is that the shortcomings in Jane Cowl the dramatist, enable Jane Cowl the actress to get out of her rôle about as much as the writer has contrived to put into it.

when they talk about Stuart Robson). "I suppose I have written hundreds of plays by way of practice. Not regular plays, of course, but bits of dialogue, bits of plot, bits of business that suggest themselves out of some thing I see or feel. I have trunks full of these little souls of unborn plays. And on the level 'The Brat' is scarcely more than one of these embryos that has escaped out of the matrix of the morning and lit on the stage."

"The morning?" faltered Miss Cowl (she is a much better interviewer than I, and she drew Miss Fulton out with great art). "I thought that plays were always the children of midnight toil.

Perhaps I mean midnight oil, but the principle is the same."

"Not with me," declared Miss Fulton. "One reason why I love to write, and one reason why I hate acting (there it's out. I do hate it. Nothing in the world can make up to me for the horrors, the agonies, the deaths I die of stage fright. I hate acting, I truly do), and by the same token one reason why I love writing is that acting entails so unnatural a life. All excitement and thrill, all nerves and intensity of feeling at night, and a joyless, dumpy, reaction by day. That isn't the way the human being should live to adjust herself to the harmonies of nature. Night is for rest, for sleep and growth to the normal human, and day for action. When I

write I go to bed half the time as early as eight o'clock. Nine is an orgy; and I am up and at work by five in the morning. Aren't you?" This to Miss Cowl.

The author of "Lilac Time" had no chance to reply for Miss Fulton went on: "'The Brat' was written between the hours of five and noon. Never a word do I write after midday. Then out of doors. Tennis, riding, golf, sailing—anything to keep me happy and occupied out of doors. I read out of doors; I study, if possible; I eat out of doors, and when I write a big play—you have written one already and that's where you have me lashed to the mast—" she interpreted with a reproachful yet admiring glance at Miss Cowl, "I expect to sleep out of doors, too."

"And when are you going to write the big play?" I asked.

Miss Fulton gazed with a summarizing expression at her own very shapely digits, which spread themselves into a fan on her lap before she replied.

"Well, I believe, that is I hope, I trust, I dare venture to tell myself, that after I have written about five plays more I shall possess a technique that will enable me to express in the language of the stage, and with the smooth running construction that makes a play seem a progress of inevitable event, I hope, I trust, I dare believe that in my seventh effort I may be able to give wings and life to some of the ideas that I am nursing as the basis of a worth-while play."

Of course, it is a matter of general knowledge that Miss Cowl has already completed several plays which will follow "Lilac Time" to the footlights in due order.



Sarony

JANE COWL

Star and co-author of "Lilac Time"



Bangs

MAUDE FULTON

Playing in and author of "The Brat"

A regular dramatist never thinks that, you know."

Miss Fulton was all fire in a moment.

"You can't guess what a lot the first Jane Cowl had given the second Jane to do as the heroine of "Lilac Time," she cried, "nor how splendidly you do it."



MISS COWL looked troubled again. Perhaps it is the same quality which enables her to write plays which bestows the dread, quite unusual among stage beauties, of listening to compliments upon her work.

"I haven't seen 'The Brat' yet," she said in a tone of regret, "but they tell me you are wonderful. And besides you are a dancer. How splendid to be a creative dancer! And how easy it must be for a dancer, who is able to interpret all sorts of emotions and ideas by a trained and controlled body, to express anything she likes when she is given the added medium of dialogue."

It was Miss Fulton's turn to blush and look troubled now. "Of course, I suppose dancing does help some," she admitted dubiously, "but when I was a dancer, I got a great deal more pleasure out of writing the little patter, the jokes and rhymes and dialogues that Mr. Rock and I used in our act, than from the mere dancing itself."

"So 'The Brat' isn't really your first adventure in stage literature," I said.

Miss Fulton threw up her hands in a helpless gesture. "Goodness no!" she squeaked (you really can have no idea of the Fulton squeak, unless you have heard it. It must be something like the famous twitter the old-timers dwell on



W. A. Norton

Olive Wyndham

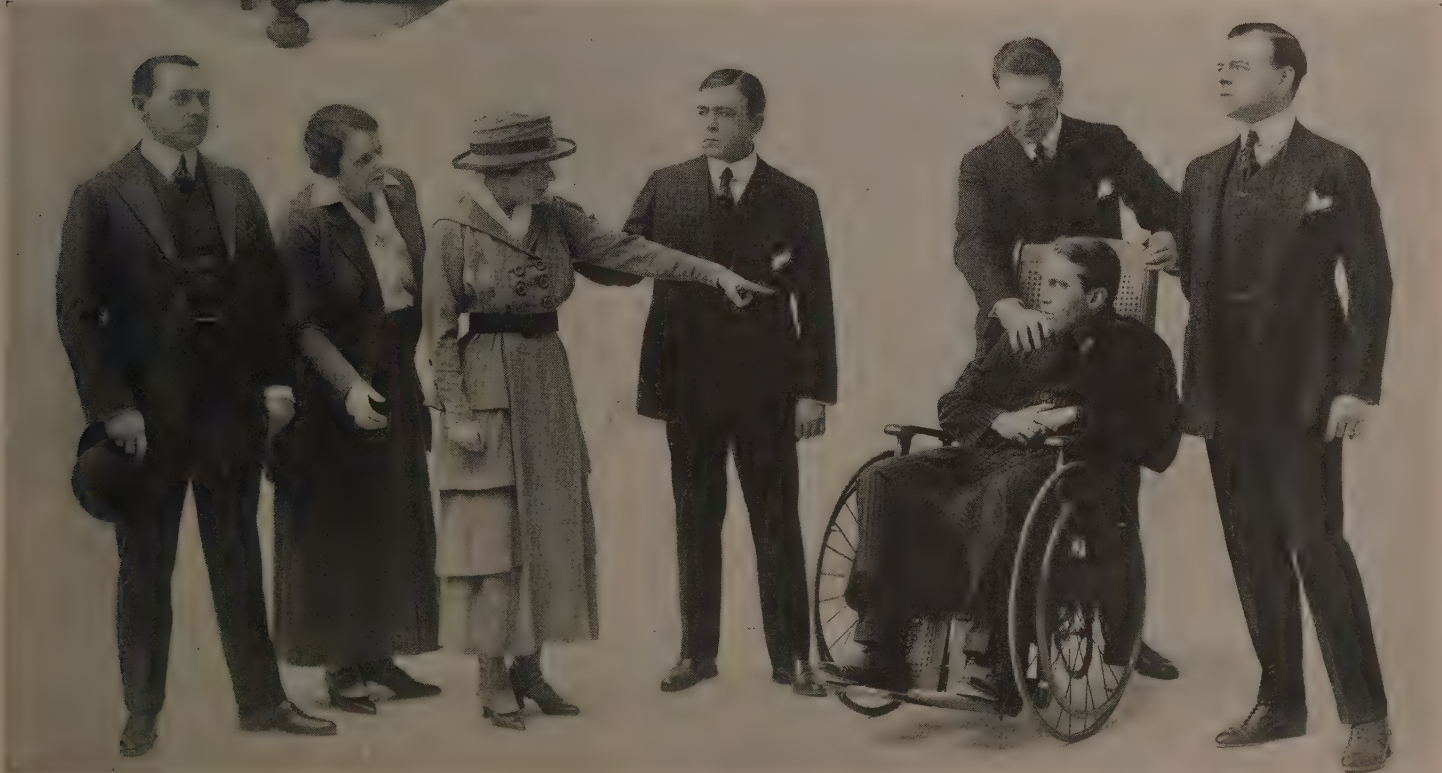
Beatrice Beckley

Lowell Sherman



Lowell Sherman and Beatrice Beckley

This play, by the author of "The Easiest Way," emphasizes the right of a surgeon to experiment with deadly serum on two worthless human beings in the public interest. Kate Tarleton, about to get married to Dr. Manning, sets out to buy her trousseau. The girl disappears and the only clue her friends have is an advertisement found in her room. This trail leads to an ornate fortune teller's establishment where the girl, who has been drugged, is found in a half coma. From the pair who manage the place a confession is forced. Dr. Manning, frantic with rage, struggles to get at them, but suddenly an idea occurs to him. He will punish these creatures by experimenting on them with his serums. His friends agree and they are carried struggling to his laboratory where the pair are inoculated. One dies, but the other experiment is a success. The treatment for the specific malady is established, and the surgeon, exonerated by the law, becomes world famous over night



Beatrice Beckley

Olive Wyndham

Robert Edson

Lowell Sherman

Photos White

SCENES IN EUGENE WALTER'S MELODRAMA "THE KNIFE" AT THE BIJOU

WHEN VAUDEVILLE GOES TO WAR

By NELLIE REVELL



THE entry of America into the world war sounded the call to the colors in American vaudeville of its mighty forces of gloom-dispellers. Rallying to the standard came phalanx after phalanx of pleasure-providers, thoroughly trained and equipped to wage an offensive war upon the gathering hosts of the depressed.

Vaudeville's duty to the country in war times, as seen by its general board of strategy, is to furnish entertainment of cheer and happiness that the inevitable feeling of dejection may be dispelled and the public mind distracted from its problems and troubles. To that end, its personnel has been mobilized to its maximum war strength, its seasoned performers being supplemented by recruits who have passed a rigid examination as to their physical and mental capacities to entertain.

Its ranks composed of warriors of tried and true valor, the Vaudeville Corps of the Amusement Army, plentifully supplied with ammunition and peculiarly fitted to this style of warfare, expect to win conquests that will surpass in glory the achievements of its neighboring divisions, farce, comedy and musical comedy and their allies. These with vaudeville will comprise the forces at the front while drama discharges its heavy batteries from protected positions in their immediate rear.

Singularly enough Vaudeville comes well fortified for the fray, having recently emerged from a war all its own. Internal dissensions arising from the inability of the Vaudeville Managers' Protective Association to conduct its affairs to the satisfaction of an Actors' Union resulted in a declaration of war by the latter. After a few weeks of guerrilla skirmishing, during the progress of which a few innocent non-combatants in theatre audiences suffered the humiliation and bodily discomfort of interfering with the course of mussy and misdirected missiles propelled by strikers or sympathizers and designed for performers on the stage, the conflict ended by the actors proclaiming their unwillingness to embarrass the President in times of stress by indulging in a strike. This retreat for strategic reasons was possibly inspired by devotion to "peace with honor" principles, but whatever the motive it relieved Vaudeville from further consideration of the insurrectionists and released its fighters for service in the field against the encroachments of the greater enemy—Public Gloom.



DESPITE the accepted theory of the efficacy of fighting fire with fire, it is extremely unlikely that Vaudeville, in so far as the employment of war sketches is concerned, will resort to such tactics in this struggle. Acts running the gamut from monologues to miniature melodramas that have had war for their themes have not enjoyed much vogue in recent months. In fact, in this sphere of activity, they have done more to emphasize the horrors of war than anything else. And now that grim visaged war has come so close to the shores of America that the distorted features of Mars are clearly distinguishable, there is every likelihood that the sharply defined preferences of managers and theatre-goers in the premises will obtain.

There is no place in Vaudeville's sun for war sketches.

The apathy towards war plays existing likewise in the legitimate theatres makes vaudeville and drama have at least one thing in common, but there their kinship terminates so far as their relations apply to the siege upon sorrow. The tired business man never has been accredited, even in times of peace, with a penchant for entertainment that taxed his mental faculties, and in times of war it is logical to believe that the t. b. m.'s leaning towards less earnest forms of diversions is only the more enhanced. Thus, his fancy lightly turning to frivolity, it is patent that music and musicless comedies, farces and kindred branches of amusement are going to win his affections, and it is equally apparent that vaudeville, embracing, as it does, in its copious coils all of these divisions of the legitimate theatre and then some more all its own, will command his greater love. Or, at least, such is the process of reasoning pursued by the vaudeville magnates, heretofore regarded as astute observers of public preferences.

While Vaudeville has fleshed its sword into war sketches, it did spare one a few months ago—some time however prior to Uncle Sam's tossing his hat into the arena of arms. The exception was "War Brides," which served as the vaudeville herald for Nazimova. Moving picture producers responded to its appeal and expanded it into a film, tragedienne and all. Since

then Vaudeville has been very chary about war playlets, possibly fearful for their future should it evince too much interest.

Up to the time of the filing of this dispatch from the theatre of action, there has nothing developed to indicate that the attitude of vaudeville has in any way changed towards the German artists remaining in its ranks. While true there are not many German performers in America at this time, there are still some appearing on bills throughout the country. Most of these have spent years in the United States and have taken out citizenship papers as well as establishing themselves in the favor of vaudeville patrons.

Thus far, and there is no reason for anticipating any alteration of arrangements, the Germans have found conditions the same as prevailing before we became belligerent. E. F. Albee of the Keith theatres and other executives of the various vaudeville circuits at the beginning of hostilities stated there would be no difficulties so long as the vaudevillians of German extraction did nothing to merit the President's definition of an alien enemy.



WHEN the dogs of war are unleashed and the battle drums are beaten, the military spirit penetrates to the very marrow of a nation's backbone and everything is more or less influenced. In vaudeville this influence is best revealed in the patriotic fervor that permeates the auditoriums. Acts that never knew before what it was to take a merited bow have merely to wave the Stars and Stripes and enjoy the sensation of having their efforts vociferously applauded. Comedians who were wont to retire to the seclusion of their dressing rooms with murder in their hearts towards audiences now have to beg for their release if they have the foresight to incorporate into their discourses some patriotic references to "Uncle Sam's boys."

Riding on the crescendo of this wave of patriotism is a musical spectacle called "America First," which vibrates with militant glory. Three settings depicting West Point Military Academy, the fore deck of the U. S. S. *Pennsylvania*, and an encampment on the Mexican border give sufficient indication of its military character. With these backgrounds peopled with uniformed young men singing stirring lyrics and playing marching melodies, love for one's country can no longer be restrained and it gives vent to itself in a volume that drowns the ear-splitting brasses and racy machine gun on the stage. As one enthusiastic reviewer remarked of "America First" its owners should be placed on the payroll of the Government and their salaries charged up to recruiting. As an enlistment stimulator—it heads the class in vaudeville.

In the event of the Government finding it necessary to requisition automobiles for war purposes, the attention of the proper authorities is respectfully directed to the vaudeville stages. At least two new sketches of the month find it necessary for the unfolding of their stories to have cars in their settings and they are not "props" either. One is a high powered racer and would come in useful for scout duty while the other is a big touring car and could accommodate a half-dozen officers.



Moffett

NINA PAYNE

Seen in individual dances at the Palace



Floyd

MAY THOMPSON

A graceful dancer and one of the favorites in "You're in Love" at the Casino



Moffett

LUCILLE CAVANAGH

Who, with George White, has danced her way to success with vaudeville patrons



Ira L. Hill.

JUSTINE JOHNSTONE

Seen in "Oh Boy" at the Princess and now conducting "Justine Johnstone's Club" atop the 44th Street Theatre



Sabine

SYDNEY SHIELDS

Who played Esther Yorke, a leading rôle in "The Case of Lady Camber"



Ellis

TODYA BRODINOVA

Russian dancer seen recently under Max Rabinoff's management

IN THE LIMELIGHT—A BEVY OF PRETTY GIRLS

PATRIOTIC SONGS

By PAUL MORRIS



WHILE many of the marching songs of soldiers and the songs sung in camp during recreation hours have sprung up in the theatre, most of the national anthems of the Allies have been the direct outcome of war. In several cases they were written by soldiers and in nearly all cases they were inspired by some particularly stirring event.

The marching songs are usually of a more or less temporary character. *"It's a Long, Long, Way to Tipperary,"* a London music hall song written by Jack Judge and Harry Williams, about the time the present world-war began has been sung incessantly in the trenches both by the English and the French, but it is beginning to lose its hold on the fighting men, and *"Keep the Home Fires Burning,"* *"Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag, and Smile, Smile, Smile,"* and a dozen other popular songs are superseding it.

"Pack Up Your Troubles," which was written in England by George Aslaf and Felix Powell for a \$5,000 prize contest, has been interpolated into several musical comedies and plays. In New York it was sung by Adele Rowland in *"Her Soldier Boy,"* and it was also interpolated into *"Lilac Time."* *"Tipperary"* was sung for the first time in America by Florence Moore at the Palace. *"There'll Be a Hot Time in the Old Town Tonight,"* which was the marching song of American soldiers in the Spanish-American War was a music hall song. Now its popularity seems to be fast fading away, as is that of *"Marching Through Georgia,"* which was sung by the Northern soldiers during Sherman's march to the sea, which many think, because it is still objectionable to Southerners, should be dropped from our list of "patriotic" songs.

"Dixie," the most popular of Southern marching songs during the Civil War, was written in 1859 in Ohio by D. D. Emmet, and was first sung by Bryant's Minstrels and announced as a "walk around." In small towns "out West" where nobody seems to be quite sure whether *"America"* or *"The Star Spangled Banner"* is the National anthem, *"Dixie"* is a signal for an audience to rise. *"Columbia the Gem of the Ocean"* was also a minstrel song.



HOWEVER, the songs which are sung nightly in thousands of theatres throughout the country to arouse patriotism, or to show our regard for the Entente Allies, originated for the most part much closer to the battlefield than to the theatre.

As almost every one knows, *"The Star Spangled Banner"* was written during the War of 1812. Francis Scott Key, a young lawyer, was detained on a British vessel during the siege of Baltimore by the British, September 13, 1814.

Under a flag of truce, Key had rowed out to the British fleet to obtain the release of a medical friend who was a prisoner of war. As an attack had been arranged by which the enemy expected to take Fort McHenry during the night, he was not permitted to return to land. All

through the night he watched for the American flag, which he had seen on the fort at sunset, and elated at seeing it when at dawn there was light enough to discern the Stars and Stripes, he wrote the first verse beginning,

*"O say can you see by the dawn's early light,
What so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming."*

Upon landing, the other verses were written and set to the music of *"Anacreon in Heaven,"* an old English tune first used by the Anacreontic



THE MARSEILLAISE
Most famous of all National anthems

Society of London and set to several American texts, prior to its being adopted as the National anthem. Key's poem was first printed in the *Baltimore American* a few days after his night of waiting.

Of the Civil War songs none has gained a position of greater importance than Julia Ward Howe's *"Battle Hymn of the Republic."* Of all American patriotic songs its words are the most stirring, though its music is perhaps too trivial. Is anything in American literature more powerful than the first stanza of Mrs. Howe's hymn?

"Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord,

He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored.

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible swift sword,

His truth is marching on."

Visiting the Army of the Potomac in 1861, Mrs. Howe decided to write a patriotic song and soon after her decision, she rose from her bed one night and wrote the whole poem. It was first published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

The tune was originally a negro camp meeting song, the words of which were as follows:

*"Say brothers will you meet us,
Say brothers will you meet us,
Say brothers will you meet us,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
By the grace of God we'll meet you,
Where parting is no more.*

Some recruits near Boston at the beginning of the war knew the song and it became popular with a glee club which was formed among the soldiers stationed there. In one of the regiments there was a soldier named John Brown, a Scotchman. Jokingly his name was often confused with that of John Brown, the hero of Harper's Ferry, and out of the coincidence grew the song, *"John Brown's Body,"* also set to the camp meeting tune.

"Yankee Doodle" was probably first sung in England as a derisive song against Cromwell. When the British troops came to America to put down the uprising that followed the "Boston Tea Party," in Revolutionary days, they brought the song with them and used it to ridicule the colonists. As a retort, the Americans began singing it back at the British and it soon became their marching song. It was played at the battle of Lexington, at the surrender of Burgoyne and by order of Lafayette at the surrender of Yorktown. When Henry Clay and John Quincy Adams went to Ghent to sign the treaty of Ghent with the English, the citizens of that city serenaded them, playing *"Yankee Doodle."*



SOME National anthems are fighting songs rather than anthems. In this class might be cited the French *"La Marseillaise"* and the Belgian *"La Brabançonne."*

Of all national songs the *"Marseillaise"* is the most famous. It seems to have played a greater part in history than any other and its power to excite soldiers to action exceeds all others. It was written by Claude Joseph Rouget de Lisle. He was a captain of engineers quartered at Strasburg in 1792. The Mayor of Strasburg, lamenting the lack of a marching song for the soldiers who were about to leave the city suggested to him the idea of writing a war song. Inspired by the mayor's words he went to his lodgings and wrote the whole song in one night, both words and music. The melody he picked out on his violin. It was first called *"War Song of the Army of the Rhine,"* and dedicated to Marechal Lukner in whose army de Lisle was serving. It was first sung at the house of the mayor.

A few days later it was sung at a public meeting in Marseilles and caused so much comment that it was published and distributed among a body of soldiers about to depart for Paris. They sang it as they entered Paris, and on August 20, 1792, it was sung during the march on the Tuileries. From that time it was known as the *"Marseillaise."*

De Lisle was put in prison for showing disapproval of the affair at the Tuileries, but was



Pach

The Actors' Fund Home, Staten Island



Press III.

Mrs. Marion B. Clifton, eighty-three years old, oldest member of the Actors' Home, and little Ethelmary Oakland, a young screen star



The Dining Room



Press III.

Maggie Breyer, who has been on the stage for fifty years, twenty-seven of which she spent in "The Old Homestead"



Photo Brown Brothers

A corner of the Library



The "Guests" of the Home

THE REASON FOR THE ACTORS' FUND FAIR

Showing the almost ideal conditions under which veteran players are permitted to pass the rest of their days thanks to the generosity of their fellow players and the general public

released after the fall of Robespierre. The song has been altered considerably with time. Through being sung and shouted in the streets and on the march it has become simplified. An instrumental postlude has been dropped and in places the notes and words have been altered. One of the four verses was not written by de Lisle. Like many a folk tune the "*Marseillaise*" has grown from humble beginnings into something of world-wide significance. Its harmonies have been enriched by several famous French composers.

"*Le Brabançonne*," the Belgian National anthem, which is not well known in this country grew out of the war of 1830, during which Belgium won its independence from Holland. Inspired by the hoisting of the old Brabançonne flag over the public buildings of Brussels and the lowering of the Dutch emblem, Jenneval, an actor, wrote the words. A few weeks after writing the poem, which now drives the Belgians into battle, he died fighting for the national independence which came a few months later. The music was written by François van Campenhout, a professional musician. It sounds a little like music written for an occasion, and is not up to the high standard of Jenneval's words. Like the "*Marseillaise*" it is warlike and excitable, rather than calm and suggestive of religious thoughts like the English and Russian anthems.

Almost every country of Europe has a patriotic

song set to the same music as England's "*God Save the King*." The origin of its music is disputed, but it is generally ascribed to Henry Carey, an English dramatist and composer of the eighteenth century. The Danish national hymn is set to the tune, and there are Swiss, German and Scandinavian settings of it in addition to "*America*." It was once the principal patriotic song of Russia, but has been superseded by the stirring, "*God Save the Tsar*."

The English anthem was the outcome of eighteenth century struggles between the British and the Spanish for control of the seas. It was first sung at a congratulatory dinner to Admiral Vernon, celebrating his victory in taking Porto Bello from Spain in November, 1739.

The Canadian national song, "*The Maple Leaf*," was written in 1871 by Alexander Muir.

There seems to be some doubt as to whether or not Russia has a national anthem. Before the revolution, "*God Save the Tsar*" was looked upon with favor. Perhaps its words will be changed and the tune retained, for by many it is considered to be the greatest of all national songs. Certainly it is the most majestic. But just now, like Portugal and Brazil, Russia has no great democratic song.

In 1833 Tsar Nicholas I was traveling through Europe with General Alexis Lvoff, whose great grandson has been one of the most active figures in the forming of the new Democratic Russia.

Embarrassed because military bands in the countries which he visited always played their national anthems and wished to honor him by playing his; having none to give them, he commissioned General Lvoff to write one. Here is Lvoff's own story of how he did it.

"Passing successively in review the French hymn, so full of grandeur; the English hymn, so majestic and the touching Austrian hymn by Haydn, I found it necessary to produce something vigorous, noble, moving, which could be used both in sacred ceremonies and military fêtes and be enjoyed by the people as well as the dilettanti. One evening the principal motive of the air came to me, which I quickly noted, and the next day I finished the music and composed the words."

For his trouble the Tsar gave the composer-general a gold snuff box studded with diamonds and had inscribed on his family coat of arms, the words, "*God Save the Tsar*." Probably by now, his descendants who have lent a hand at deposing the Tsar have dropped the words from their family insignia.

In Italy military bands play on all state occasions the Royal March. It is purely instrumental. Garibaldi's War Hymn is the best-known patriotic song of the Italian army.

Just now an English song, "*Keep the Home Fires Burning*" is being sung in Italian along the battle line.

NEW STARS FOR BROADWAY

By ADA PATTERSON



JOHN CRAIG is coming to New York.

With him will come Mary Young, his aid and partner and counselor.

Don't jumble this with the mass of announcements for the autumn season, and forget it. It is a significant statement, significant of proven talent, of rare attainment and of desirable expansion.



MARY YOUNG

John Craig is a name that signifies excellence. Down in Tennessee, and farther down in Texas, it stood for boyish ambition, a rich personality and the habit of doing everything well. At Daly's Theatre, before death struck down the sceptre of one of the mightiest monarchs of the kingdom of Broadway, John Craig's name stood for admirable work as a leading man. In London it was associated with Ada Rehan's one hundred fifty nights of "*As You Like It*," inevitably associated, for John Craig was the Orlando to Ada Rehan's vital Rosalind. It blended with Mrs. Fiske's in the sweeping success, "*Tess of the D'Urbervilles*," for Mr. Craig was her Angel Clare. To Boston it means that the Boston Museum, cradle of much of the chief dramatic talent of this country, had a successor in the Castle Square Theatre. Winthrop Ames and John Craig rocked the cradle together for a time, Mr. Ames leaving that task to come to New York.

Moving cautiously, Mr. Craig and his brunette partner came to the metropolis to produce E. H. Sothern's drama, "*Stranger Than Fiction*," at the Garrick Theatre in the spring. The experiment determined the future course of the firm and its new partner, the Shubert Brothers. Mr. Craig and Miss Young would take the theatre that is rising on Forty-fifth Street near the Booth Theatre, there to work out the aims and ideals that made their names household words in Boston.

The name of John Craig stands for democracy in the theatre, the practical democracy of the popular price. Believing that the theatre is an institution of the people he tries to make it like-wise by the people and for the people. There is now, as ever, much croaking by the ravens perched upon the fence of observation and surveying the theatrical field. One raven croaks, "The motion picture is cheapening amusement and corrupting public taste." His neighbor opens his black beak to caw: "The price of the spoken drama is too high. It is becoming the pastime of the rich and the rich are too few to sustain it." Comes John Craig with his personal endowment, his varied training and invaluable experience, and smilingly essays to silence both.

"Give good plays at popular prices," he says. "It is simple."

Provided, of course—the huge, overshadowing proviso in every managerial mind—you can find the play.

Mr. Craig does not sit in Micawber-like attitude. That which he wants he seeks, a fresh source of plays. He offered a \$500 prize for the best play by a college student. "The End of the Bridge" won the prize and provided an American theme and treatment. "Believe Me, Xantippe" was another prize play, a comedy of Western American life. "Common Clay" in its original form was a Harvard prize play. Mr. Craig

played Judge Filson in Cleves Kinkead's drama, Miss Mary Young was Mary Neal for seventeen weeks at the Castle Square. Each year he produces the Harvard prize play. Each year he hopes it may furnish a Broadway success.

Players, admired of Broadway, attained prominence under Mr. Craig's tutelage at the Castle Square. Among them are George Hassel, Shelley Hull and Al Roberts. Stars, hearing of its excellence, 'applied for a summer season with the company "to pull myself out of bad habits," they said.

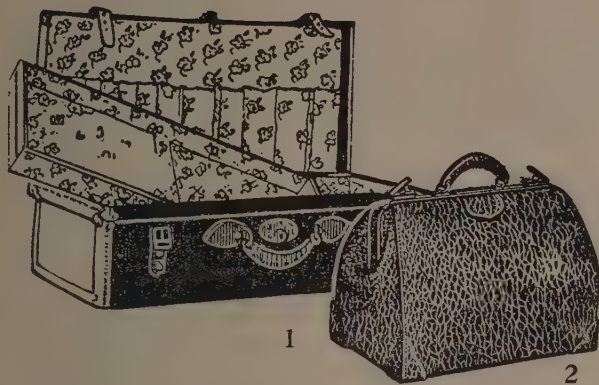
He has, therefore, been a contributing neighbor of Broadway amusement. No one may safely spurn him as that rare and remote being a "high brow." True, he enjoys the production of Shakespearean plays. In Boston he has made three Shakespearean plays a year. But he introduced operettas and musical comedies into the Castle Square repertoire, Miss Young's training in this regard serving him well. He is no slavish idolator of traditions. He produced Hamlet without a pause between the acts. He himself played Hamlet, and in an amber light.

He will begin the new season with the best new play he can find, produced in his best manner, with as good a company as he can assemble, at the lowest prices he can afford.



JOHN CRAIG

"McCREERY LUGGAGE"

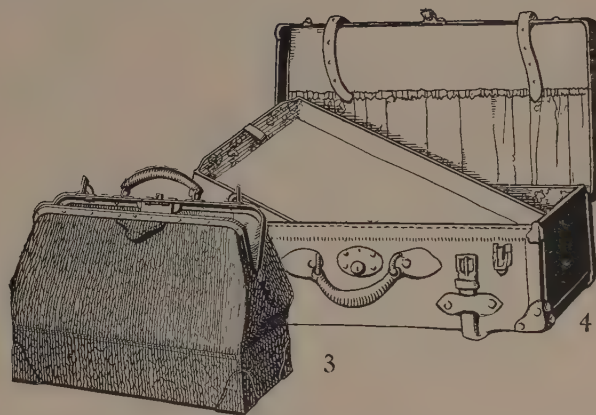


1. Week-end Case made of Black Enameled Duck; separate tray; cretonne lining with pocket; case well-bound. Sizes 24, 26 and 28 inches.

4.50 regularly 7.00

2. Genuine Walrus Oxford Bag—full cut; French edges, sewn corners; leather lined; three pockets; solid brass trimmings; set-in lock and patent catches.

17.50 regularly 22.50

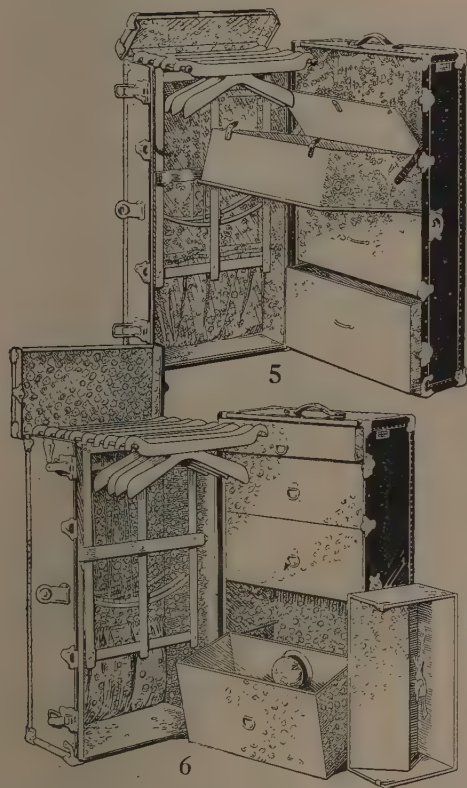


3. Traveling Bag of Genuine Black Leather—full cut; leather lined; two leather pockets. Size 18 inches.

5.95 regularly 7.50

4. Week-end Case made of Black Enameled Duck—steel frame; corners and edges well protected, straps all around; extra catches; separate tray. Sizes 24, 26 and 28 inches.

5.95 regularly 7.50

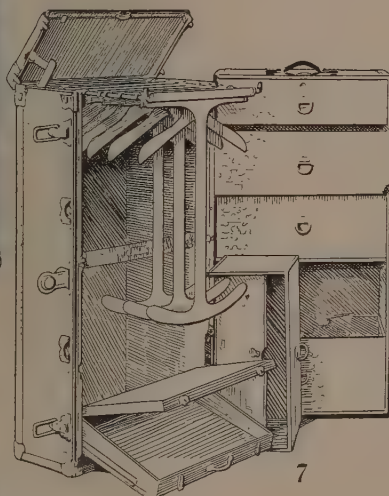


5. Steamer Wardrobe Trunk made on three-ply veneer basswood frame, fibre covered and interlined; six hangers; shoe pockets.

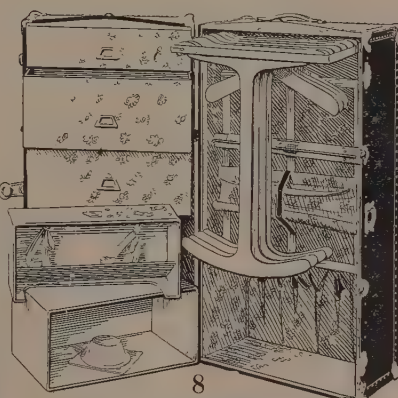
19.75 regularly 24.50

6. "McCreery Special" Open-top Wardrobe Trunk—three-quarter size; made on three-ply veneer basswood frame; covered and interlined with hard vulcanized fibre; five drawers; seven hangers; shoe pockets; top drawer has lock.

28.50 regularly 34.00

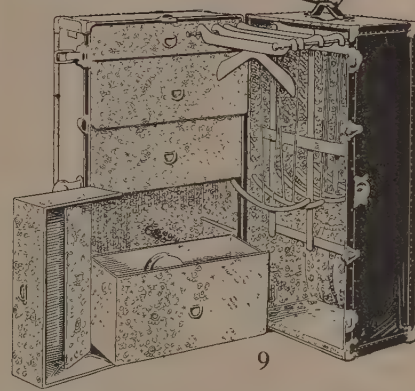


Wardrobe Trunks



8. Regulation 45-inch Wardrobe Trunk made on three-ply veneer basswood frame, covered with hard vulcanized fibre; five drawers, ten hangers, shoe pockets, laundry bag.

39.75 regularly 48.00



9. Regulation 40-inch Wardrobe Trunk made on three-ply veneer basswood frame; covered and interlined with hard vulcanized fibre; five drawers, ten hangers, shoe pockets.

24.75 regularly 30.00

James McCreery & Co.

5th Avenue

New York

34th Street

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

TRADE MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

By Mlle. MANHATTAN

COMÉDIE—SALONS—MODES

SIMPLICITY! Simplicity," is the battle cry of those noble women who see in severe garb, the proper style for war-time wear. But there is no hint of simplicity in the fevered fashion which seems bound to prevail during the coming months of stress and strain by her over-ruling majesty, the American woman.

And there is a profound psychology in the fact that war-time frocks are always as far from severe as the purse of the wearer permits. It cheers the national heart to see the woman of the nation garbed as gaily as possible in dark days, and a glance at the fashion plates that reflect the modes during our own Civil War and during the period of the Franco-Prussian struggle in '71 reveal the fact that utter giddiness seemed to reach its zenith during those troublous times. So it seems a sort of duty on the part of our sex, to show our soldiers that our faith in their valor inspires us with a desire to hang out the banner of triumphal raiment on our outer walls, as Shakespeare might have said, and cheer the hearts of our merchants and manufacturers, our milliners, dressmakers and tailors, by a patronage that enables them to contribute to the nation's war budget.

* * *

I note with satisfaction that the smartest shops on our avenues are shining with beautiful novelties, these days, and that our national colors, glaring as the sharp red and blue of our flag may be, figure largely in new fashions and fabrics.

I had the pleasure, a few days ago, of accompanying Geraldine Farrar on a visit to a smart establishment devoted to the sale of exquisite tea gowns and negligées exclusively. And such delicious plumes as our famous song bird will wear in her California bungalow in the first June days I really have never seen.

First of all, let me say that the days of the silly "baby ribbon" flowers so long a feature of house gowns are over. They are utterly absent from the new negligées, and Miss Farrar's tea gowns show not so much as one of these senseless and tiresome *decors*.

A feature of the new tea gowns is the coat or coatee that almost invariably accompanies them. Be they of lace, of chiffon, of silvery gauze or of any of the soft silken fabrics in favor for boudoir wear, the graceful jacket is the favorite finish of the season, and makes its appearance on all the imported models.

* * *

Miss Farrar's selection embraced ten negligées, each more fascinating than the other, and by some marvel of ingenuity, each one was marked by a distinctive character of its own,

so that there was no appearance of sameness in any of the confections.

"This is my own particular pet," cried the prima donna as Miss Wilson, the most popular vendeuse on Fifth Avenue, gently laid a cobweb over Miss Farrar's shoulders.

"This" was a shimmering slip of pale yellow chiffon with numberless flouncings of peach chiffon bordered with creamy lace. A long, loose coat of silver gauze shot with peach color and lined with pale violet chiffon was worn over the sleeveless slip, and a fringe of wistarias done in chiffon bordered the edge of the coat which was of ankle length in front, but lengthened into a narrow train at the back.

* * *

A second negligée which I am quite sure will be duplicated by many brides who wish to be adorably coquettish in their own private apartments at Newport next month, is of white with garlands of flat velvet roses in every shade known to floriculture, and in sizes that ranged from wee, thin buds as big as one's finger nail to quite enormous blossoms.

The loose, décolleté slip of soft white soirée has a foot finish of flat laid ruffles of very beautiful chantilly lace lifted at irregular intervals into deep scallops by flat roses of burnt orange and pink.

Zigzagging across the slip just above the knee line is a trailing garland of roses shaded from yellow to deep crimson and dotted with crystal dew drops. Over the slip falls a beautifully cut coat of white chantilly lace with a lining of pale blue chiffon. A border of small roses in every possible tint edges the lining and forms a novel facing. Coming from just under the arms is an odd girdle of roses—three strands of the varicolored blossoms—that meet in front and are loosely tied with hanging loops of the beautiful flowers. As a sentimental detail, I may add that as originally designed the lace coat was lined with green, but the blue chiffon was substituted because, as Miss Farrar said in horrified tones: "Lou hates green"—Lou, of course, being Mr. Lou Tellegen, the singer's husband.

* * *

While on the fascinating subject of negligées, I must by no means omit a description of the fascinating gown in which Madeline Force Astor Dick introduced a number of friends to her new baby a few days ago. Blue *charmeuse* veiled in heliotrope chiffon was Mrs. Dick's choice for an exquisitely cut underslip, over which was worn a kimono-shaped (or unshaped) coat, of silver gauze shot with pink and showing a brocaded effect of shimmering garlands in orchid tones. Quantities of

soft ivory lace employed as a lining to the coat and the large, loose sleeves softened the sharp outlines which metal gauze always perversely takes, and gave a delicate and exquisite finish to the negligée which exactly suited the blonde loveliness of the wearer. Perhaps it is out of taste to say in a fashion article that the new baby yelled lustily when presented to his mama's admiring friends, and that the Astor "baby," now a sturdy boy of magnificent physique, seemed quite bored with his brother's anguish.

* * *

Society and the stage quite outdid itself in the fetching frocks worn at the recent Actors Fund Fair, which ably guided by President Daniel Frohman and "manned" by most of the beautiful actresses in town proved a very handsomely cargoed supply ship for the aged actors in the Staten Island Home of the Fund.

Pretty Irene Fenwick who visited THE THEATRE MAGAZINE's booth on several occasions and always attracted a long train of smart men and women as her audience, wore several costumes of the greatest possible chic. Especially good was one frock of white Yosan heavily braided.

The bodice, cut squarely off at the waist line, was laid in shallow box plaits from throat to the closely braided belt, and the pleats were held in place at intervals by small discs of braid laid flatly in solid circles. The box-plaited skirt of ankle length showed similar discs of greater size and the loose, three-inch belt was solidly covered with the same design. The braiding was all in narrow white silk soutach and the Dutch neck was also outlined with the discs in an unusually pretty effect. A delicious touch of color was offered in the vivid emerald of Miss Fenwick's foot wear. Onyx hose and kid slippers cut in the new long lines supplying the note of green that completed the costume. Fashion writers did Miss Fenwick the homage of following her from stall to stall during the entire afternoon she spent at the Fair.

* * *

An admired figure, also, was Miss Margaret Wilson, who proved a potent attraction at THE THEATRE MAGAZINE booth. In sharp contrast to the dark beauty of Miss Blanche Bates, who was her chaperon, Miss Wilson's pink and white complexion and honey-colored hair were well brought out by the color of her soirée frock of blue cut very simply and with a slight décolleté filled in with quakerish frills of point d'esprit lace. The daughter of the White House carried one of the new wrist bags. A deep but very narrow affair showing long panels of elaborate head embroidery in which a

number of red, yellow and gray parrots clambered from the tassel at the bottom to the drawing string—a round gold chain of novel design—at the top.

* * *

The Duchesse de Chaulnes who was a frequent visitor at THE THEATRE booth honored this publication by wearing her very prettiest gowns on each call. Perhaps the smartest and most attractively timely was the "hospital" frock worn by Mme. la duchesse one afternoon. It was a variant on the popular Red Cross costume which confronts one at every turn these days, gray *charmeuse* of a soft pinkish hue being the material selected.

A short jacket quite covered by a braided design in very narrow silver braid was bordered all around with tiny balls of silver and white. The petticoat was laid in deep side plaits faced with white and held flat by rows of the narrow silver braid at the edge which terminated just above the ankle in a silver ball allowing the lower inches of the plaits to fall free. An oddly shaped deep falling collar of point d'esprit lace with a directoire tab in the front finished the neck and similar back-turned cuffs bordered the sleeves. Gray suede slippers with brilliant buckles were worn with this costume which was completed by a white crin picture hat faced with gray *charmeuse* and bordered with silver balls like the coat.

* * *

Rida Johnson Young, the hand-somest of feminine playwrights, was a stunning figure in flame-colored net lightly sprinkled with points of glittering cut steel embroidery upon the evening she devoted to the attractive booth at the Fair where this publication had its home. An ermine stole with a quite marvellous clasp of steel that gleamed like facets of diamonds worn by Mrs. Young showed the first of the new models in Summer furs. Henri Bendel is responsible for the fascinating toilette which is certain to be widely copied.

Perhaps I am neglecting the smart women in private life who graced the Fair with their most charming toilettes, but since it was the general verdict that the beauties of the stage far outshone their sisters in the four hundred in appearance, you will possibly excuse the omission. And it is, with very high pride that I listened to comments on all sides to the effect that of all the smart stalls at the Grand Central Palace during the progress of the bazaar, for being the smartest, both as to the contributions donated by our friends and as to the bevy of youth and beauty who acted as sales persons,

(Concluded on page 366)

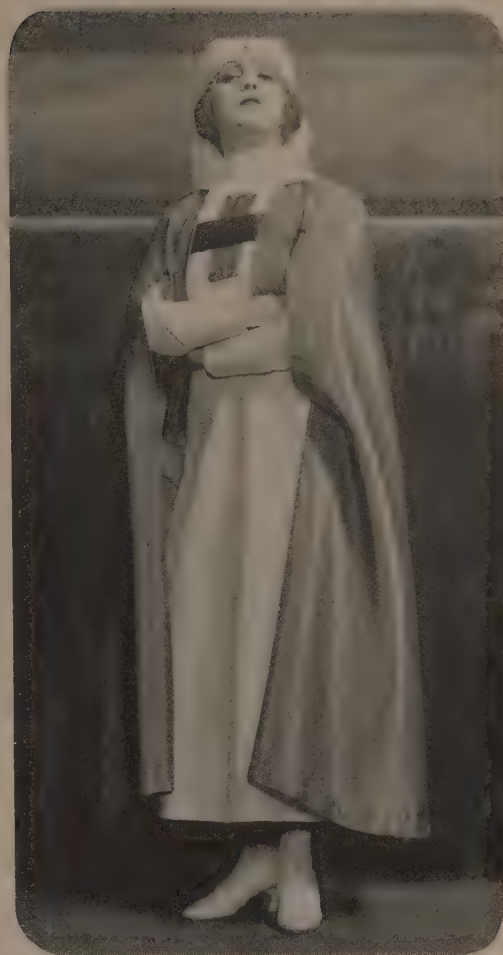


Photo Ira L. Hill

Summer furs at the Winter
Garden posed by Miss Irene
Franklin



Miss Mona Kingsley in a
tailored suit of gray Yoson



The patriotic costume par ex-
cellence of the hour



Red, white and blue head dress
worn by Elsie Alder at Actors
Fund Fair



Photos White

Two new dancing frocks by Hollander from
"A Tailor Made Man"



"Doesn't look like a fashion
plate," says Laurette Taylor,
"but all the smart girls are
copying this cap"

FAIBISY POINTS OUT NEW FASHIONS



ONE cannot deny the influence of mere words, they have their charm, their value and their seduction, they attract and they repel and to each person who reads them, their meaning is perhaps conveyed differently.

"Fashion," for instance, is interpreted by some as an art, to others it may stand for the flippancy of the eternal feminine, or again for mere technical details of line and contour. I accept it in the foremost sense.

The art more simply known as dressmaking, more elaborately named fashion designing or style interpretation has gradually come into its place in the sun.

One who excels in it should have the architect's appreciation of line, the sense of color and imagination of the painter and the understanding of anatomy necessary to the sculptor. Rhythm and grace play an important part, the textile expert contributes his treasures and so it is that one borrows from nearly all the arts for the perfection of a gown. It is therefore both to the one who creates it and the one who wears it something quite serious.

To a woman of intelligence and a certain income, the selection of her gowns should be the most serious of her problems whether or not she is in the spotlight, for in these days no one questions the importance of personality, and what is more vital in the expression and adornment of personality than the costume.

Whether it is in the informal lines of an intimate *négligée*, gracefully draped to conform with a dreamy indoor mood, or a resplendent décolleté creation for bright lights and a vivacious atmosphere or the chic *tailleur* of the promenade or daytime rendezvous, it is equally important.

It is to be hoped that the American woman will not heed the hysterical cry which has spread across the land with the advent and discussion of war and be deluded into embracing and practicing a false economy, in neglecting her wardrobe. This means the sacrifice of much of her personal charm and the upsetting of the normal continuity of business.

She must not forget, also, that in depriving herself of what she may falsely consider a luxury, she may be taking from the wage earner,

the bare necessities of life. With a more sane view of affairs, it is coming to be generally understood, that for those not definitely concerned with the business of war, the way they can best serve their country is to give all the help possible in the preservation of the absolute normality of her industries.

So we can again take up the theme of "La Mode" as she exists to-day for the American woman, knowing that it is a subject which cannot rightly be classed with the frivolous or the flippant. It is an art which

how frequently clients who insist at first on seeing nothing but imported models finish by saying: "Now, what can you do that is entirely original, just for me. Paris is very charming and all that, but these models are repeated and I want something distinct and individual."

Here is where the American creator comes in. To be able to respond adequately to this appeal, he must have not only an appreciation of all that is contained in the demand but he must have the gift of the artist which instinctively adopts in lines

He delves into the costume lore of the ancients, he borrows the simple line of the Greeks, the elaborate ornament of the Egyptian, the embroideries of the East.

He siezes upon the quaint eccentricities of the peasant dress of all nations. The vestments of the church or the trappings of court functionaries mean a new idea for head-dress or evening cloak.

Each season has its special inspiration and the topics of the day express themselves as at this moment in military capes and hats aviation suits and accessories borrowed from one or the other of our allies.

So with all this wealth of material to choose from, the designer can revel in the production of something beautiful. Beauty is the first requisite of the gown of to-day. The time when all women sallied forth in a uniform called "the style," differing in color and material but only slightly in line, is long since past. As the aesthetic sense of the country has developed, the technique of style has considerably broadened until there are few, if any, limitations.

One may have a long or a short waist, it may be fitted or loose, the skirt a narrow or full one, take your choice, with the one and only proviso that it be beautiful and that its beauty should always be in harmony with the build, type and temperament of the one for whom it has been created.

Of course, in details of trimming, each season has its specialties and much as embroideries have been generally favored the last year, it is my belief that this form of ornament instead of waning in popularity will no doubt have an increased prestige.

For this reason I am showing a little afternoon gown, the most popular type for the Summer wardrobe, it is of soft gray chiffon and silk, embroidered in blue, the girdle in blue and gold of Egyptian design.

Black tulle is a decided favorite for the Summer's full dress frock and by the way, they are almost as elaborate this year as the Winter's models.

This one is studded with gun-metal paillettes and girdled in cloth of silver.



Photos Ira L. Hill



we have developed wonderfully in the last few years and interpreted according to American taste.

Formerly Paris reigned supreme and was the source of all things admirable in the fashion world, and while she dominates to some extent to-day, still we have achieved a definite American style.

The French produce wonderful models, creations of art, symphonies in color and hue, exquisite confections, what you will, but they do not dress the American woman with the understanding of the creators of her own country.

Many would be surprised to know

and colors what is most suitable to the type he adorns.

He must be a gourmand for inspiration and suggestion. He reduces all things beautiful in so far as is possible to terms of dress.

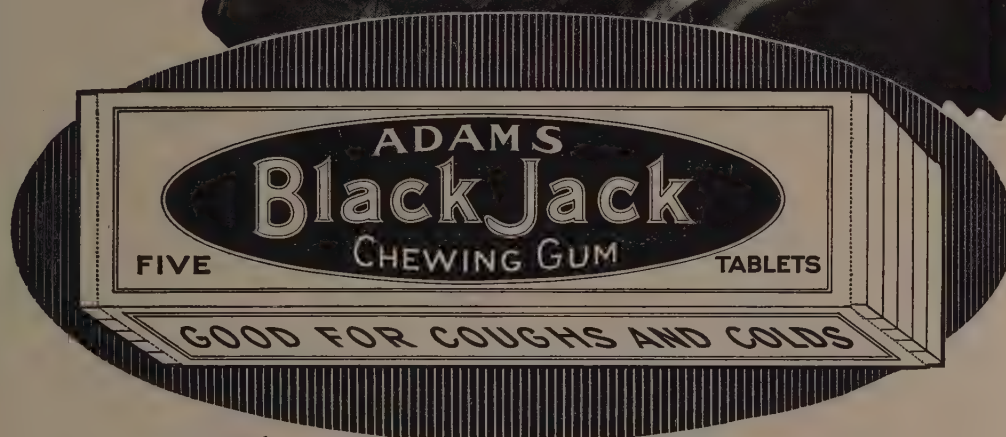
He crystalizes the glowing colors of the sunset into imaginary fabrics, the butterfly's wing is a detail of color or design, the breast and wing of a bird may suggest one of those happy contrasts of shade or even of material.

Clouds drifting across a Summer sky or shrubbery grouped about a green hillside may hint of graceful draperies.

Faibisy



AMERICAN CHICLE COMPANY



The Licorice Gum

PAULINE FREDERICK, One of the real stars of the Photo Drama, says: "I have found that an irritated throat is quickly relieved by the licorice in Adams Black Jack Chewing Gum. It tastes good, too."

Pauline Frederick

FOOTLIGHT FASHIONS

(Continued from page 362)

THE THEATRE MAGAZINE booth was entitled to undoubted supremacy.

* * *

George M. Cohan and his partner, Sam H. Harris, sent to THE THEATRE MAGAZINE booth several of their most stunning tailor-made girls from "A Tailor Made Man." Knox and Thurn have turned Mr. Cohan's pretty actress out very smartly as the accompanying photographs show, and their frocks made a New York hit several weeks in advance of the play, which comes to Broadway in August.

Miss Florence Shirley found favor in a tailor frock of unusually heavy and lustrous Yosan of biscuit color in modified sport style. The blouse coat showed the new double sleeve effect and the loose Russian belt was of heavy embroidery which reappeared on the ends of the sashes which fell over the tunic panels at either side.

Dull shades of brown and tan with gold threads here and there were used in the embroidery, and the accompanying sport hat was a quite delightful "tammy" effect in biscuit-colored hemp guiltless of any trimming whatever.

* * *

Irresistably smart is the tailor-made costume of Miss Mona Kingsley. Pale gray Yosan was Miss Kingsley's choice, lightly touched with black bindings of a herring bone braid pattern. Sharpness of outline was the outstanding effect in Miss Kingsley's costume—an admired feature in the smartest of recent tailor makes. An all black milan straw hat with its stiffness modified by a graceful arrangement of twisted ostrich plumes finished the costume. Note her wrist bag, please, if you are interested in the newest ideas in these convenient accessories. Leather cords form the chic drawing strings for this long, narrow poche.

* * *

Of course the staff of THE THEATRE MAGAZINE booth would have been incomplete without the presence of "Miss Springtime," whose welcome visit was in the presence of Miss Else Adler, the star of Klaw and Erlinger's delightful company. Miss Adler received much admiring attention by reason of the chic and charming fashion in which she blended the red, white and blue in a most becoming head dress. Upon a band of white ribbon with a scarlet picot were arranged alternately scarlet carnations and blue daisies. Instantaneous favor greeted the patriotic head dress, Mrs. George Gould and Miss Maud Kahn instantly adopting the idea with becoming effect.

Miss Laurette Taylor declined to step out of the picture when selling copies of the ever-healing and cheerful THEATRE MAGAZINE at the Fair, and wore the same Red Cross uniform in which she appears at the Globe Theatre in "Out There," Hartley Manners' stirring new play.

There is no necessity for a single word of description of Miss Taylor's nurse's costume. We are, alas, too familiar with the Regalia of the ministering sisterhood of the Red Cross whose garb the actress exactly copies. I must beg you, however, to take a little peep at the very newest chic in bathing caps. In early "preparedness" for the seashore season the smartest girls in town are having copies made of the quaint little baker's cap worn by Miss Taylor in the earlier scenes of "Out There." It has been found adorably becoming, and developed in color like one's bathing suit, lined with oiled silk, it is thoroughly waterproof, light, and



Persia, Egypt, and France meet in their best periods in this frock worn at a ball in honor of Field Marshal Joffre this month

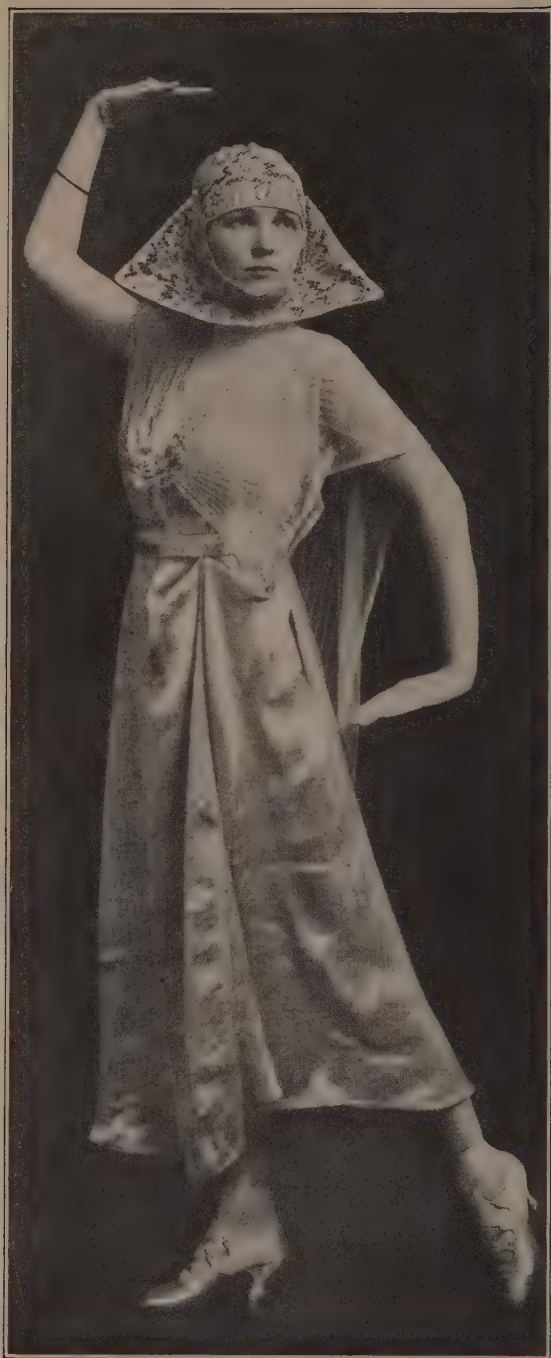


Photo Ira L. Hill

MRS. VERNON CASTLE,

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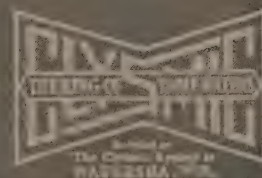
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DRESSING AN INDIVIDUALITY

HOW few women express their personality through their clothes! The majority purchase and wear this or that frock regardlessly, provided it is said to be in the mode. Which does the mode great injustice and gives it an undeserved bad name. It isn't intended that one should swallow fashions wholesale and indiscriminately. Their purpose is to offer you fresh and beautiful

things from time to time, that you may select from among them those best fitted to represent your personality, to show you, line and coloring, at your best, which is, of course, your truest.

Miss Margaret Wycherly, who in taking the part of Madame LaGrange in "The 13th Chair," so cleverly conceals by her stage make-up her youth and beauty and personality is just as clever

in her off-the-stage make-up. That is in dressing the part of Miss Margaret Wycherly. A little bird told us recently that she was going a-shopping at Giddings, a favorite place, for her summer wardrobe, and we begged to come too and use her selections as examples of what the skilled hand picks and chooses, as witness below. Miss Wycherly's first selection was—



Photo Maurice Goldberg

An adorable morning frock to wear at breakfast and into the garden of her summer home near Croton, N. Y., made of chints, the very newest note in garden frock materials. Miss Wycherly, you must know, is a "brown lady," brown-eyed, auburn-brown-haired, cream-skinned, and she tells me that all shades of browns and tans and deep creams are "her" colors, the tones that best bring out her own coloring. (You ladies who are built on the same plan take note!) So the chints has a deep cream background, scrolled with a vine pattern in green, blue, plum and a magentaish rose and a little hand-embroidered great-grandmother collar in deep cream. The garden hat of string-colored rough straw is faced with pale green crêpe and sports a wonderful cloth and braid parrot in the three shades of green, blue and magenta just out of your sight on its top brim. Next Miss Wycherly chose—

A frock in which she might be smartly dressed to run into town for lunch at Sherry's or the Ritz. Jersey cloth for this, in one of her favorite tan shades, the waist embroidered in a Chinese pattern of blue and red and gold. To wear with it, one of the very latest stunts, just brought over to Gidding's from Paris, a girle of dark blue satin ribbon embroidered in silver chain stitch. These satin girdles, which may be embroidered in silver like the one Miss Wycherly will wear, or in cross-stitch patterns of colored wools, are charming and safe for almost any individuality to acquire. A hat of tan grosgrain ribbon with pert matching wings which Miss Wycherly selected instantaneously and with unerring aim from among many others, saying, "That's my hat"; a parasol of blue to match the sash, and a marvellous beaded bag in browns and pinks were the right completing touches, without which a frock is as an egg without salt. The third gown was—



Photo Maurice Goldberg



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ESTAB. 1899

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Photo Maurice Goldberg

A garden party frock. Miss Wycherly, with the "divine Sarah," believes that the back of her frock is entitled to as much consideration as the front, which was one reason for her choice of this lingerie model. You will please observe the detail of the original sash of lace-ended batiste hanging down at the back! Another reason was the soft cream of the lace and embroidered batiste, of which the gown was made. To accompany it, a truly garden party black and white hat, the brim covered with countless overlapping petals of cream white roses, faced with cream crêpe and edged with black velvet; and a black and white parasol with one of the new handles, black ebony stick surmounted by a carved ivory all-for-vanity peacock.

FASHION'S LATEST FAD



The entering wedge for the later development of the trouser-garment. If one can be so free and at ease in this Altman pajama costume, while at the same time looking so enchanting, it would seem a pity, don't you agree? to limit the field to the boudoir. Very well then. Turn over the page

THE trouser garment is Fashion's "idol of the hour." That much maligned lady has already been able to accomplish—and almost overnight at that—more than Mrs. Bloomer or Dr. Mary Walker have brought about in all these years.

Taking her usual tip from the current stage, which has had an open season for pajama costumes, several charming suits having appeared in the musical comedies, "Canary Cottage," "You're in Love," and "Oh, Boy," Fashion made an entering wedge through one or two of the big Avenue shops where she showed

pajama costumes of the most tempting variety. These suits were intended only for the boudoir or at most the rather intimate breakfast table. But the very, very latest interesting development in the trouser garment has been made by Altman, who are now featuring what they describe as "the garden smock with overalls."

Fancy! In the shortest space of time the trouser has crept from the boudoir down into the breakfast room and thence across the sill of the French windows into the garden. And—hoity-toity!—if Mrs.

Maillard

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In the Fashion

MODISH morning blouses of sheer material, and fashionable décolleté attire, alike, have the disadvantage that they present a puzzling problem—How to secure a dainty smoothness of the under arm? The simple solution is the occasional use of

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which removes superfluous hair temporarily. There is no safe way to remove hair permanently.

50c. Complete, with convenient outfit for applying, at your own department store or drug store. Your money back without question, if you want it.

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The trouser garment here has emerged from its boudoir seclusion and come down into the breakfast room preparatory to going into the garden. Altman offers it in a one-piece model whose vividly patterned silk is indescribably lovely, a network of pond lily leaves in rose, green, gray and plum, the collar and cuffs of brocade green silk

Grundy doesn't have a care the first thing she knows it will be over the garden wall and out on the main highway. Which is, in fact, just what Vance Thompson in his new book, "Woman," prophesies will happen. In eight years woman will be going about the business of existence "breached," he says, "and may you be there to see."

Bifurcation is in the air. Not only does Mr. Thompson advocate it, not only has the stage displayed its charm, but the riding and shooting and climbing sport costumes for women have fully proved its practicality, to say nothing of our sisters across the sea, who are working in the munition factories and elsewhere, in overalls and trousers.

"But I shan't look well in them," Mr. Thompson has an imaginary woman protest. She wouldn't even have uttered the objection if she had first seen the "garden overalls" at Altman's, which are simply enchanting. To see them is to want to own them, whether the two-piece or the one-piece kind.

The one-piece suit has borrowed something from the child's bloomer suit and something from Pierrot's garment. All the lines are free and easy and the details have been worked out with extreme cunning—the big pockets that fasten flat with

snappers or stand out pouchily as you prefer; the clever back, hanging long and full from a shallow yoke, to which is attached a straight pep-lum about a foot deep that looks like a little jacket; the finish of shirrings and picotings at the bottom of the trousers; the silk-covered buttons with their little loops.

The silk described in the caption under the sketch is not the only one available for this suit. It may be had in a midnight blue self-brocaded in a pattern of roses and maiden-hair ferns: in turquoise crêpe de chine; in scarlet brocade; in Paisley patterns, or in rose silk jersey.

In the other sketch the model shown is not quite so strikingly original, but many may prefer its two-piece division and feel it is more becoming to their type of beauty. That too comes in a variety of lovely silk combinations, rose and blue being the particular one on which we concentrated.

As to the original pajama suits, that make the starting point for the later progress, they are too entrancing. If you don't look alluring in those (the proper one, of course, for your figure) you are past hope. Altman makes them up in all sorts of ways and in combinations of chiffon and satin, lace and embroidery.

ANNE ARCHBALD.



And here we have the "garden smock and overalls" actually in the garden! A two-piece garment this one (also from Altman) made up of contrasting silks, rose and old blue being the colors of the model from which this sketch was taken. Note the chic pointed pockets with their silk tassels!



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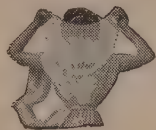
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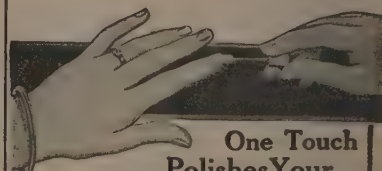
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A PLEA FOR MAKE-UP

(No. 2)

By Anne Archbald



The "Sun-Kissed" Face

IS your full enjoyment of the glorious, health-giving sunshine marred by the knowledge that it will bring out an unwelcome crop of freckles, or will redden or brown your skin until its clearness and beauty are things of the past?

If you have learned to dread the possession of a "sun-kissed" face do not hesitate to seek the advice of Madame Helena Rubinstein, whose marvellous freckle and sunburn preventatives have revolutionized Beauty Culture.

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VALAZE SUNPROOF and WINDPROOF BALM Prevents freckles, tan and sunburn. Madame Rubinstein knows what this wonderful balm has done for women in the hot countries of South Africa, Australia, and the East Indies; and that in this country it can do no less. It is a preventative of freckles, not a cure. Price, \$1.50, \$3.00 and \$5.00 a bottle.

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New Orleans: Mrs. C. V. Butler, 8017 Zimble Street.

MAY I assume that since my article of last month you have seen new light on the matter of treating make-up as a distinct art, of giving it its proper place in the scheme of a costume, or do you still hold out against me? Let me amplify a bit further and offer a supposititious but entirely probable case or two. Incidentally I can offer at the same time a practical suggestion or so.

Paris has been sending over suits and dresses in grey, consequently making that color very smart and one naturally to be taken up by the big stores. Suppose, not having all the time and money in the world at your disposal, you set out one fine day to find a spring costume. After much searching you hit on just the thing, a model of perfect fit, not an alteration needed anywhere, *chic* lines, and even lower than your set price. But... of stone grey, with black satin at the collar. Tremendously smart, but stone grey, or grey of any color especially combined with black, kills your coloring and individuality dead as a doornail. *Que faire?* Simplicity! Snatch the suit post-haste. Give yourself, when wearing it, either a very high color, or a creamy uniform skin with a bright, rather light red mouth. Add a dash of the same red somewhere in the costume to match the mouth (be sure it matches exactly) a *boutonniere* say, something in your hat, or a rain-and-sun umbrella. *Et voila!* Your suit a triumph! Your time and money saved! And all your friends exclaiming, not only "How French! It must have cost..." but "How becoming!"

Suppose again—this actually happened—you are intrigued in a shop by a bargain hat, a lovely odd color combination of old blue straw and yellow brown roses. Under the lights and the persuasive influence of the place you are led into thinking it will be becoming. Mistakes will happen in the best of tastes.

The hat comes home. You see what you really look like in it. Being a bargain it is not returnable. Will you discard the hat? Add so much loss to the clothes account. Perish the thought! Do instead what the clever actress in the case did. Purchase a box of the modern rouge which comes in the brown shades ranging from dark through orange to tan (the actress's ordinary natural shade of rouge would have been carmine, but, as you doubtless know, on many people brown rouge is the correct one for heightening the natural tint of the complexion) and triumph over the hat. Force it to be becoming and retrieve what at first glance looked like a dismal sartorial failure. Parenthetically, can anything else in proportion make life seem so depressing?

Take the case again of a woman

I know. Suppose like her you have a heliotrope, or a lavender, or a periwinkle soul. You never feel quite so comfortable and happy in any other color. You feel it expresses your personality exactly. So does your husband. He loves to see you in it. But truth, as revealed by a mirror, and your friends (Heaven deliver us!) compel you to admit that you do not make an equal hit outside the home. Under the old hampering limitations you would suppress this method of revealing your true self to the public. But take my tip, as did my friend, and invest in a box of the violet powder, that gives not a violet but a deliciously pale tint to the skin and has been designed primarily for use in the evening. With that as a basis you can start the harmonizing of your exterior with your interior; and with the proper deep, almost purplish rouge and lip stick finish the process of unity. *Très simple, n'est-ce-pas?*

The French woman has always known the value of a brilliantly colored mouth as a note in her appearance. And she doesn't use "any old" lip-stick, but is very careful to have it of the exactly right matching or contrasting shade. I am sure that the astute Yvette Guilbert was perfectly aware beforehand, when she wore, in her recitals this Winter, one exquisite costume after another, of the part that her scarlet lips played as a finishing touch in their perfection. Also the value to the picture she continually made of her beautiful arms snowy whitened, the nails and palms very red.

Whether one is conscious of it or not such details of an appearance stand out in one's memory when others of seemingly more importance at the time have faded away and been forgotten. Thus I remember how vivid was the contrast of Julia Dean's scarlet mouth with an exceedingly simple frock of Chinese blue, worn in her last Playhouse engagement. The mouth one might say was the only trimming used. I remember again when all else of Pauline Frederick's costume in "Joseph and His Brethren" has vanished the lure of her white feet and hands, the soles and palms deeply stained with henna. I recall that the one bright spot of a drab and dully-colored Sunday boardwalk procession was the recurring lady with the black hat, and the scarlet mouth gleaming through her black lace veil.

In the matter of this future for make-up one thing particularly should be borne in mind. That just as a painter begins by seeing to his canvas, the brushes and paints for his palette, so we must as the foundation of everything have our canvas, our skin—in the fittest condition, and our paints, our powders, of the very best quality, to say nothing about the tools for applying them.



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SCHUYLKILL SILK MILLS
READING, PA., U. S. A.



(Continued from page 348)

the same engagement in London, and one never mentioned before, occurred the first night when the gallery was literally clubbed into silence.

In London there is a method of displaying resentment against an actor, or play, popularly known as "Boo-ing." The report came from several quarters that the gallery was going to "Boo" Miss Marlowe and Mr. Sothorn, for among a certain class they were regarded as upstarts, people from America who were going to show London how to play Shakespeare. The day of the opening of the engagement I sent for the man whose duty it is to keep order at the prizefights carried on by the London Sporting Club, and told him that I wanted silence. We agreed on a price, his price, with the understanding that a single "boo" meant no money. The play started. The fifty men were scattered a few seats apart, each armed with a short club, and it wasn't many minutes before "thump," and the first person who attempted to "boo" had a rap across the knuckles. "To "boo" successfully it is necessary to make a trumpet of the hands, and when one of the men saw a member of the audience put their hands to their mouths—the "booper" was given a smart rap across the knuckles.

There are always many small happenings about the theatre that can be successfully used to bring press notices. They are always good, though, of course, the glory goes to the originator who is presenting a novelty. A few years ago, when the Hippodrome was first opened, we had some bears whose nails were long. I advertised for manicures, they did not have one in every barber shop at that time, and the girls filed the bears' nails. Great publicity! And we got as much notice when we christened "Little Hip." Another "stunt" was when the First Passing Show from the Winter Garden played in a San Francisco park. There was an audience of twenty thousand to see the performance.

Two very neat bits of publicity, each of them worth thousands of dollars were pulled off during the past winter. At the time when Al Jolson was playing in Boston the entire city was hysterical over Billy Sunday. Sunday with his packed matinee performances and his evening shows that were a turn away, had just about killed the theatres when Mr. J. J. Shubert walked in one morning. Filled with a natural curiosity he went to see Billy Sunday, and about twenty-four hours later he sent a group of people from the Jolson company. They went there two or three times, and then finally they "Hit the trail." A sensation! It filled the theatre to overflowing. Everyone in the city wanted to see the company of theatrical people who had gone up to be saved, and "Robinson Crusoe, Jr." ran Mr. Sunday a close second for box office business.

The other little incident was the work of Mr. Lee Shubert. When the Winter Garden show was revised it included a particularly clever sketch called "Submarine F 7." With the great wave of patriotism sweeping over the country Mr. Shubert suggested that it might be a good idea to have twenty or thirty thousand children see the submarine part of the show as guests of the management. It was so arranged with the school authorities that they could attend after three o'clock and every youngster that went home did several dollars worth of business for the company in the way of publicity.

I think that the biggest bit of publicity that I, personally, was ever responsible for, one that has had a lasting effect on the entire theatrical world, was with Mr. Belasco and

"The Darling of the Gods." We were booked to open in Chicago, the first play to show after the tragedy of the Iroquois fire. "The Darling of the Gods" was largely dependent for its success on its remarkable lighting effects. These were produced by open lights which the fire authorities would not allow. It looked rather serious, when it occurred to me that if each of the lights had a protecting hood of wire, each light could be operated by a separate man, instead of one man doing all the work. With this innovation the play was allowed to proceed, and ever since then all lights are operated by one man, and carry the hood protection.

It is a serious business being a press agent, one which needs a keen mind, a mind keyed to the practical as well as the imaginative. Sometimes the best publicity is obtained through attack and opposition, sometimes the boosting comes from an unlooked for quarter, but the press agent who will succeed is the man who keeps his eyes and ears open every minute of the day, and like a detective solving a mystery, is constantly alert for clues—clues to a story that will interest the public and so arouse them that they will want to see the personage or play in question.



VICTOR RECORDS

Victor Herbert in his curtain speech at the "first night" performance of his new opera, "Eileen," said: "It has long been my desire to write an Irish opera which would be worthy of the traditions of a great race and its literature." He feels he has accomplished this in his latest production, and it is a pleasure to be able to hear a number of the Eileen selections on new Victor Records for the songs bear the hallmark of Victor Herbert's melodic genius. And it is interesting to know that the six numbers now presented among the list of new Victor Records for June were made under the personal direction of Victor Herbert himself.

It is fitting that John McCormack should sing for Victor audiences two of the Eileen favorites, and he is equally at home in the remarkable love song, "Eileen Alanna, Asthore," and "Ireland, My Sireland."

Although Tchaikowsky's opera, Eugen Oregon, has never been highly successful outside of Russia, it is full of the romantic, melancholy melodies with which this composer was so prolific. Such a one is the "Air de Lienski," sung by the great Caruso. Full of tenderness and pathos, it calls out all the beauty of Caruso's golden voice in a way peculiarly its own. "I Love You Truly" has rapidly become one of the greatest favorites of all of the many popular songs by Carrie Jacobs-Bond, and Frances Alda sings this beautiful love song with perfection of technique nicely balanced with poetical insight. *Advt.*



BOOKS RECEIVED

NADINE NARSKA. By Mahrah de Meyer. New York: Wilmarth Publishing Company.

LIFE SINGS A SONG. By Samuel Hoffenstein. New York: Wilmarth Publishing Company.

WASHINGTON SQUARE PLAYS. Garden City: Doubleday, Page & Company.

REPRESENTATIVE AMERICAN PLAYS. Edited by Arthur Hobson Quinn. New York: The Century Company.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS. By Walter Prichard Eaton. Cincinnati: Stewart & Kidd Company.

DUNSBY THE DRAMATIST. By Edward Hale Bierstadt. Boston: Little, Brown & Company.



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Paris Exposition, 1889, France
Brussels Exposition, 1910, Belgium
Vienna Exposition, 1878, Austria
Brussels Exposition, 1897, Belgium
Paris Exposition, 1867, France

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ARTS AND CRAFTS THEATRE

(Continued from page 333)

"The Chinese Lantern," a poetic play in three acts by Lawrence Housman (co-author, with Granville Barker, of "Prunella"); the "Reverby Sword Play," and the impressive old English miracle play of "Abraham and Isaac"; "Helena's Husband," by Philip Moeller; "Trifles," by Susan Glaspell; "The Wonder Hat," by Kenneth Sawyer Goodman and Ben Hecht (authors of "The Hero of Santa Maria," which has been acted in New York); "Ephraim and the Winged Bear," by K. S. Goodman; "Sham," by Frank G. Tompkins.

This list, in quality, may be compared, without disparage, with that vastly larger list of plays that have been offered, in the same period, to the theatre-going public of New York. Would it, after all, be better to travel all the way from Detroit to New York to see such a play as "Little Lady in Blue" enacted by a high-priced company at the Belasco Theatre than to travel all the way from New York to Detroit to see such a play as "The Tents of the Arabs" enacted by the low-priced company of local professionals and amateurs that has been assembled and instructed by Mr. Sam Hume? The answer to this question depends upon the point of view. Those who agree with Hamlet that "the play's the thing" would vote in favor of a trip to Detroit; but those who agree with Mr. Belasco that the acting is the thing would probably vote in favor of a trip to the metropolis.

The people of Detroit would doubtless be the first to tell us that they envy us our opportunity for seeing many plays that they can merely read about in magazines; yet, surely, for anybody who has ears to hear the prose of Lord Dunsany and eyes to see the scenery of Mr. Hume, it would be worth a trip of seven hundred miles to achieve the privilege of attending a performance of "The Tents of the Arabs." This play was printed in *The Smart Set* for March, 1915, but has not yet been republished in book form; it is, therefore, little known, even among admirers of the Irish dramatist; and Mr. Hume's production was the very first on any English-speaking stage. The piece had previously been acted only in Paris, in a French translation.

"The Tents of the Arabs" is perhaps the least theatrical of Lord Dunsany's plays, but it is also the most lyrical in mood. It tells a very simple story of a camel-driver who wanted to be a king and a king who wanted to be a camel-driver, and how, because they had the luck to look sufficiently alike, they managed to change places in the world, so that each of them could be happy in the life of which the other had grown weary. There is no other mood more lyrical than that of longing—as Edgar Allan Poe pointed out in one of his acutest passages of philosophic criticism; and the longing of this fabled king who is weary of cities and desires evermore to wander over the illimitable desert is expressed by Lord Dunsany with incomparable eloquence. Thus, for instance, speaks the king: "O Thalanna, Thalanna, how I hate this city with its narrow, narrow ways, and evening after evening drunken men playing skabash in the scandalous gambling house of that old scoundrel Skarmi. O that I might marry the child of some unkingly house—that generation to generation had never known a city, and that we might ride from here down the long track through the desert, always we two alone, till we came to the tents of the Arabs. And the crown—some foolish, greedy man should be given it to his sorrow. And all this may not be, for a King is yet a King."

Would it not be worth while to travel to Detroit for the luxury of listening to language such as this?

Queries Answered

The editor will endeavor to answer all reasonable questions. As our space is limited, no correspondent may ask more than three questions. Absolutely no address furnished. These and other queries connected with players' purely personal affairs will be ignored.

L. G., Newark, N. J.—Q.—Kindly tell me who played with Richard Mansfield in "A Parisian Romance?" 2. Also let me know the cast of "Du Barry" and 3, the cast of "Becky Sharp" with Mrs. Fiske.

A.—The cast of "A Parisian Romance" as presented on June 25, 1888, at the Madison Square Theatre, was: Baron Chevalier, Richard Mansfield; Henri de Targy, John T. Sullivan; Signor Juliana, Joseph Frankau; M. Labouiniere, W. H. Crompton; Madame de Targy, Mrs. S. Sol. Smith; Madame de Valmary, Johnstone Bennett; Madame de Lucie, Beverly Sitgreaves; Estelle de Paignac, Adelaide Emerson; Dr. Chesnel, D. H. Harkins; M. Triand, John Parry; Theresa, Emma Sheridan; Rosa Gewrin, Maude White; Maria, Henel Glidden; Marcelle, Beatrice Cameron. 2. Mrs. Leslie Carter played the title rôle in "Du Barry"; Hamilton Revelle played Cossé-Brissac; C. A. Stevenson, Louis XV and Campbell Gollan, Count Jean. 3. The cast of "Becky Sharp," as presented at Miner's Fifth Avenue Theatre in 1900, was: Marquis of Steyne, Tyrone Power; Sir Pitt Crawley, Robert V. Ferguson; Pitt Crawley, Charles Plunkett; Rawdon Crawley, Maurice Barrymore; William Dobbin, Wilfrid North; George Osborne, Stanley Rignold; Joseph Sedley, William F. Owen; Major Loder, E. L. Walton; Lord Barchin, W. L. Barnscombe; Lord Tarquin, Frank Reicher; Lord Southdown, Frank McCormack; Duke of Brunswick, B. B. Belcher; Raggles, Arthur Maitland; Landlord, Otto Meyer; Becky Sharp, Mrs. Fiske; Amelia Sedley, Zenaide Williams; Miss Crawley, Ethel Douglas; Marchioness, Jean Chamblin; Lady Barchin, Francesca Lincoln; Briggs, Mary Maddern; Fifi, Ethelwyn Hoyt.

J. S., New York City.—Q.—Where can I obtain a copy of "The Great Divide?" 2. Do you think it will ever be revived again? 3. Can you give me a sketch of the original first act?

A.—From the Macmillan Company, publishers, New York. 2. It was recently revived by Henry Miller. We cannot tell. 3. In the first act of "The Great Divide," a young woman from Milford Corners, Mass., living temporarily in the wilds of Arizona, is left alone in the cabin by her brother and those who had been her companions. They are no sooner gone than night falls with startling suddenness, and while she is preparing to retire, three prowling desperadoes break in. They are drunk and the sight of the defenceless girl arouses their worst passions. It becomes a question of who shall take possession of her. The cringing girl, in terror of her life, pleads to Stephen Ghent, the least brutal of the three, to save her. He cynically agrees if she will marry him. She consents. Ghent buys off one of the scamps with gold nuggets and shoots the other. Then he claims the promised reward. The girl shrinks, horror-stricken, from fulfilling her promise. She is filled with loathing for this man. But she has promised, and because she considers her word more sacred than her honor, more binding than her love for her mother and family, she follows the Beast into the mountains, after going through a marriage ceremony before a "tipsy magistrate."

(Your other queries will be answered in a future issue.)

L. W. H., Hartford.—Q.—Have you ever used any pictures of Fritz Leiber previous to July, 1916? 2. Have you ever printed full-page pictures of Yvette Guilbert, Conway Tearle, or Howard Estabrook? Please give prices of issues you mention.

A.—A splendid portrait of Mr. Leiber appeared in our February, 1913, number (price 40c.) and a small picture accompanied by a sketch of his life was in the July, 1909, issue (price 50c.). 2. No, but we have printed excellent portraits of Mme. Guilbert in the October, 1915, issue (40c.) and the January, 1916, and December, 1916, issues (price 35c.).

R. E. B., Stamford, Conn.—Q.—Is it possible for me to secure the autographed photographs of players you publish from time to time in THE THEATRE?

A.—We do not sell pictures. Possibly if you write to the players direct, sending them photographs, they will return them to you autographed.

S. N., Jamaica, N. Y.—Q.—Where can I obtain a photograph of Norma Talmadge?

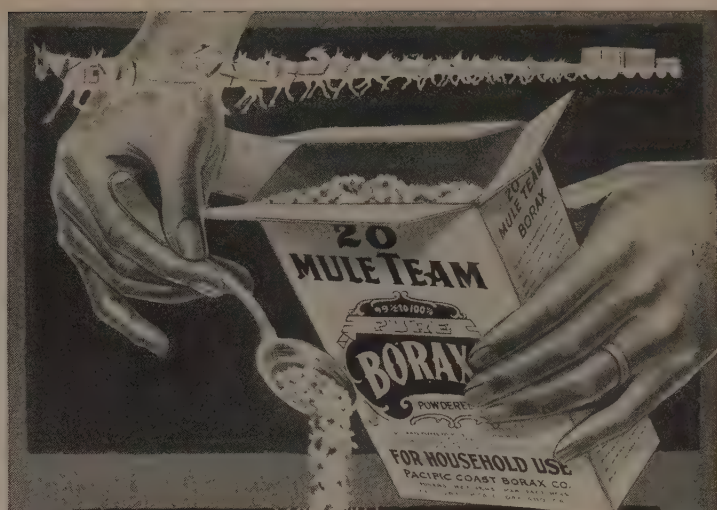
A.—Lumière Studio, 150 West 45th St., New York City.

A. H. Z.—Q.—Where can I purchase a photo of John Charles Thomas? 2. Will you print a brief account of his career?

A.—White Studio, 1546 Broadway. 2. Our March, 1917, issue, contains an article entitled "John Charles—Matinée Idol," which gives a full account of his career.

Reader, Los Angeles.—Q.—What photographer has taken recent pictures of Billie Burke?

A.—Sarony, Inc., 364 Fifth Ave., New York City.



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HOW I DO MY IMITATIONS

(Continued from page 336)

of Commons while I was over there and everyone but he and Redmond, that firebrand, spoke quietly and without much gesture. But the minute Lloyd George let loose, you knew that someone of importance was speaking. He is a regular dynamo, running around, shouting, and waving his arms. He is the Billy Sunday of England when he gets excited.

I have often been asked what nationality is the easiest for me to imitate. Well, they are all the same to me because I have what is known as an imitative ear. I think I speak my French or German equally well. The same is true with other languages. I do think, however, for imitative purposes, that German dialect is the funniest. Take Sam Bernard, for example. He splutters all over himself, and is a huge drawing card. All he does, of course, is to speak English in a German way. For some reason, you never see a really funny Frenchman on the stage. The French have their peculiar traits, but with the exception of Bernhardt, I can't think of anyone who is really good to imitate. I mean anyone really well known.

It is easier for me to do young people rather than old. For the old ones you have to convey the impression of age, and for that you need make-up. Now, if you have seen me on the stage, you will know that I depend entirely upon facial expression, changing my voice; and walking in a characteristic manner. For Eddie Foy, I pull my hair tightly back. For George M. Cohan, I twist my mouth around and stoop my shoulders. I also think that the young and popular stage folk are better ones to imitate because the public knows them better.

MR. HORNBLow GOES TO THE PLAY

(Continued from page 344)

"OLD FRIENDS." Play in one act by J. M. Barrie, presented with this cast:

Stephen Brand	Lyn Harding
Rev. Dr. Carroll	A. Ashton Tonge
Mrs. Brand	Gertrude Berkeley
Carry	Eileen Huban

"THE OLD LADY SHOWS HER MEDALS." A "Salute" in one act by J. M. Barrie, with this cast:

Private Dowey	John M. McFarlane
A Mr. Wilkinson	Theodor von Eltz
Mrs. Dowey	Beryl Mercer
The Chorus	Clara T. Bracy
	Alice Esden
	Lillian Brennard

With his new bill of playlets for the benefit of the Stage Women's War Relief, James Matthew Barrie fires three shots for patriotism. With the first he makes a bull's-eye.

"The New Word" is the good old Barrie, playing deftly on the heart-strings and lingering always between gentle laughter and delicate tears. The new word may well be "dear" as applied by an English son to his father. Their characteristic British reticence they take great pains to lay aside for a brief moment before the lad goes to the front as a Second Lieutenant.

Norman Trevor, as the father, is a sad, proud, sarcastic, lovable, and pitiable "old" gentleman, who bitterly regrets that he has lost his chance to prove in this war that he is a man. Gareth Hughes is excellent as the son, though he makes him boyish to the point of effeminacy.

In "Old Friends" Barrie gives us his variant on "Ghosts." The father who has "conquered" the drink habit finds that it has merely deserted him in favor of his beloved daughter.

Lyn Harding, though not yet free from traces of the rickety Henry VIII, makes the ex-dipsomaniac a vivid reality; and Eileen Huban plays with power the branded daughter.

In "The Old Lady Shows Her

Medals" we have a Scotch charwoman who, yearning for her share in the war, invents a son—a Black Watch Kiltie—at the front. She has found his name in a newspaper. When the real Highlander reaches London on leave, he unmercifully scores the "auld hypocrite," but before his return to "out there" she has won his heart, and he formally proposes a filial relationship.

Beryl Mercer plays the charwoman with exquisite deftness, and John M. McFarlane is too good a soldier to be out of the ruction.

"The New Word" is sheer delight from beginning to end.

COLUMBIA RECORDS

The first exclusive recording of the New York Philharmonic Orchestra, Beethoven's magnificent Fifth Symphony, Parts 1 and 2, has been announced by the Columbia Graphophone Company in their June list. Of the several great symphony orchestras introduced to the musical world from time to time by the Columbia organization, the New York Philharmonic is the greatest.

Pablo Casals, "Wizard of the 'Cello," is listed for an interpretation of "Abendstern" (Evening Star), the superb aria from Wagner's "Tannhauser," as well as a solo of Mozart's "Larghetto," from the "Quintette in D Major."

A generous section of the announcement is devoted to patriotic selections; three songs of mother patriotism, a quartette rendition of "Let's All Be Americans Now," and two military marches.

Ireland is well represented in the June "forecast" of recordings. Helen Stanley will demonstrate her versatility by two delightful Irish solos, "The Kerry Dance" and "Down by the Sally Gardens." And Oscar Seagle will sing the well-known Irish melody, "The Snowy Breasted Pearl," as well as an old Welsh air, "The Ash Grove."

Charles Harrison, perhaps the most popular of younger tenors, will interpret two of the best-known classics of the day, Nevin's "Rosary," and Carrie Jacobs-Bond's "Perfect Day." Another of Mrs. Bond's song gems, "Just Awearyin' For You," sung by Ida Gardner, contralto, is also listed.

Advt.

McALPIN EMPLOYEES ORGANIZE FOR WAR

Mr. L. M. Boomer, managing director of the McAlpin and Claridge Hotels and the Café Savarin, has secured the large farm and estate of Colonel Frederick Feigel at Mount Kisco, N. Y., thirty miles from the city, as a vacation military camp for the male employees of his hotels.

The estate consists of more than a hundred acres, the largest portion of it being the best farm land in Westchester County. A camp will be established on strict military lines, with regular army rations served. Military instructions will be given by army men, and it is expected that from 500 to 700 employees of Mr. Boomer's hotels will take the summer course provided. The work of cultivation has been started, and those attending camp will devote several hours each day to farm work.

The products of the farm will be available to the hotel employees at one-half market cost. This is an effort to find a way to reduce the high cost of living by helping people to help themselves. The idea was enthusiastically received by the workers, many of whom have had practical experience in farming. The personnel of employees includes many former officers in the militia regiments and these men have immediately offered their services for the training work.

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